SICK

No. 102

CC 02891

50¢

February 1975

SICK VERSION:
MEL BROOKS' NEW MOVIE—
YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN

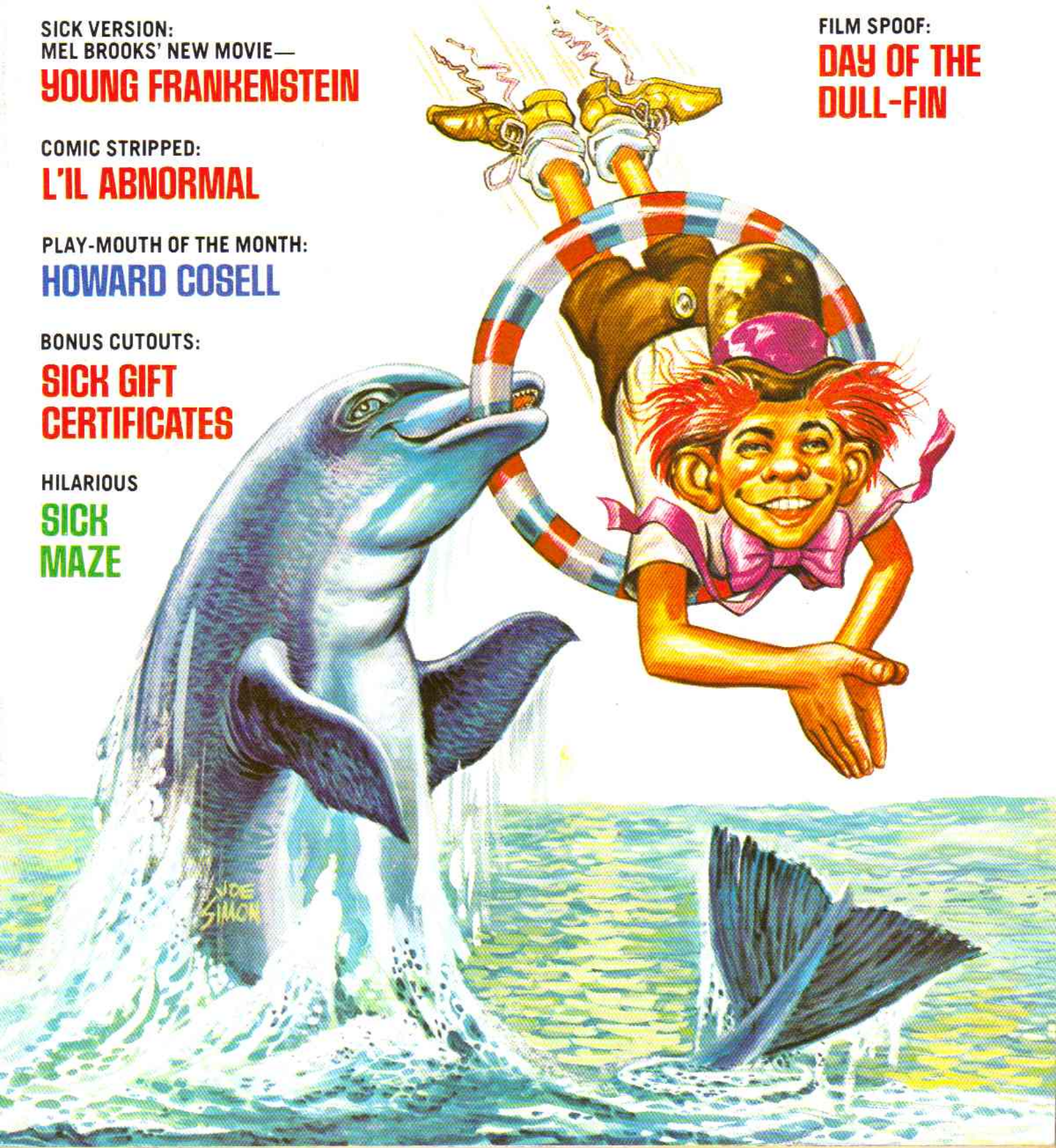
COMIC STRIPPED:
L'IL ABNORMAL

PLAY-MOUTH OF THE MONTH:
HOWARD COSELL

BONUS CUTOUTS:
SICK GIFT CERTIFICATES

HILARIOUS
SICK MAZE

FILM SPOOF:
DAY OF THE DULL-FIN



BONUS CUTOUTS: SICK GIFT CERTIFICATES

GIFT CERTIFICATE

issued to

_____

(name)

GOOD FOR AN APPENDIX TRANSPLANT AT THE HOSPITAL OF YOUR CHOICE

RX vp

(only one per person)

★ APPROVED BY GLUE CROSS

FREE FREE

GIFT CERTIFICATE

FOR ONE SET OF FALSE TEETH

Redeemable to

_____

NAME

AN OFFER YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO PASS UP EVEN IF YOU HAVE YOUR OWN TEETH

SIMM'S FALSE TEETH

They're guaranteed to click with you!

★ VALUABLE ★

GIFT CERTIFICATE

MAY BE EXCHANGED FOR

A REAL LIVE RHINOCEROS

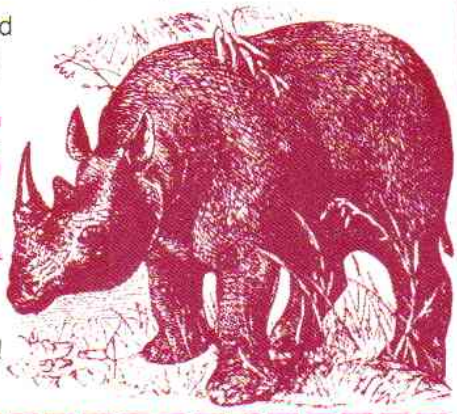
_____

(name)

(must be picked up in person)

GOOD AT ANY ZOO IN AMERICA

Sorry—only one to a family!



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1 ONE-CHAIN GIFT CERTIFICATE 1

entitling bearer

_____

(name)

to

ANOTHER GIFT CERTIFICATE

(present both certificates for still another certificate, and so on)

AD INFINITUM, UNLTD.

New York • London • Paris • Etc. Etc. Etc.

• MORE INSIDE BACK COVER •

ILL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT

SICK

No. 102

February 1975 Volume 15 Number 1

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SICK IS...

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SICK-CERELY YOURS:

WE GET LETTERS...

DEAR EDITOR:

With the world's population expected to double in the next 10 years, your article entitled "When Everything Becomes a Shortage" (SICK #99) is especially timely. In the very near future, I can't think of a thing there won't be a shortage of!

Robert Hills, Jr.
Macon, Ga.

ED: Oh, no? How about shortages?

●●●

I laughed so hard at "The Exorsick" that I forgot to pay my exorcist and was re-possessed!

Joe Pasko
Schenectedy, N.Y.

ED: Well, you've got to give the Devil his due!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH SANTA?

(see page 11)

Those "Civil Service Tests For Uncivil Applicants" in the October issue of SICK were right on target. It's about time somebody took a poke at those ridiculous civil service exams that are supposed to measure a person's fitness for the job. I've been a CS worker 14 years now, so I should know . . .

R.G. Marshall
Ames, Iowa

●●●

I loved everything in SICK #100, especially those "Pickle Jokes." Man, they were a pickle barrel of fun!

Herb Barnett
Bronx, N.Y.

●●●

"TV Scenes We Wanna Watch" was hilarious. So was "International Sports Nicknames." As a matter of fact, so was "A Sick Look At Streaking."

Paul V. Jason
Indianapolis, Ind.

ED: So, smartie, what was wrong with the rest of the issue?

●●●

I read your feature, "First The Answers, Then The Questions." Didn't I see somebody else do those somewhere?

Eric Groggins
Selma, Ala.

ED: Wait a minute. First give the answer, then the question!

●●●

I thought "Learn to Play the Telephone Company Blues" in "Sick Gets Even With The Telephone Company" (SICK 100) was "in." So I made one myself. Thanks for the idea.

Ken Norton
Greenville, S.C.

Your magazine is great! The guy on your cover cracks me up. If you don't tell me his name, I'll die of curiosity!

Kent Matthew
Litchfield, Conn.

ED Huckleberry Fink! Now, quick, tell us: Did we get you his name in time?

●●●

Hey Sick! Here's a poem:
I'm mad at Mad;
Cracked is cracked;
But Sick is slick.

Jeff Cohen
Somerset, N.J.

ED: This is a poem? Friends of Jeff's should leave no Cohen unturned to bring him to (poetic) justice!

I think your Loony Labels were really stupid! How can you get Foisted Fakes off without wrecking the others on the previous page?

Richard Salzer
Annandale, Va.

ED: You buy *two* copies of SICK, that's how! And you say we're stupid!

●●●

In your June issue you had Gerry Ford in the nude for your centerspread. I hope to see more posters in the future because I'm a poster nut. Why don't you make a poster of Nixon in the nude?

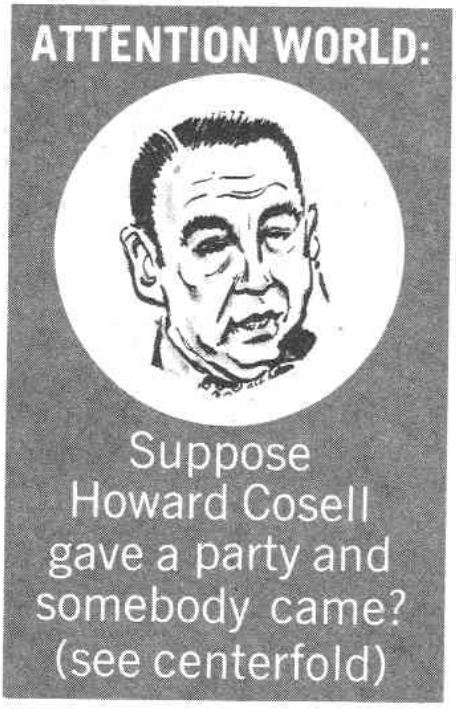
Steve Jordan
Birmingham, Ala.

ED: We did but he instigated a cover up!

Sign in midtown bar ceiling: "WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU LOOKING UP HERE FOR?"

Sign in reducing salon: "REAR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW!"

Sign of Houston plumber named Carr: "HONEST CARR, THE USED JOHN DEALER."



Why don't you write a whole book of Barklett's Unfamiliar Quotations (SICK 100). If you did, I would surely buy it.

Roger McCreary
Evarts, Ky.

ED: Can we quote you?

●●●

Why don't you make some paperback books about Sick like Mad is doing? I wish you would publish one. I would certainly buy it.

Maurice Rivard
Sturgeon Falls, Ont.

ED: We've done one better —we've published two! Watch for GOOD 'N' SICK and HOW SICK CAN YOU GET? wherever paperbacks are sold!

●●●

Thank you for sending my contest prize, that hilarious joke book. I enjoyed every minute of reading it. And also thank you for publishing the fantastic book SICK!

Lynn Harry
Butte, Montana

●●●

Congratulations on another fine SICK satire. "The Undersea World Of Jerques Kooksteau" was a true gem. Bravo Len Herman and Jerry Grandenetti!

M.J. Stoneham
Fall River, Mass.

●●●

Your "Streakers' Nudes-Letter" in the October issue was funny, funny, funny. Thanks.

Bill Beazley
Minneapolis, Minn.

ED: Glad you got a run for your money!

"Inside Howard Cosell's Wallet (Sick #100) was very clever stuff. But just answer me one thing: How'd you happen to get his wallet?

Vernon Milner
Provo, Utah

ED: When he took off all his clothes. See this issue's centerfold!

●●●

In issue number 98, the Sick-Style Hunt-A-Word Puzzle, as executed by Tony Tallarico, had an error. In Freaky Foods you spelled cumquat pits correctly, but in the puzzle you spelled pits p-i-s . . .

Anthony Perrotti
New Jersey

ED: So who's perfec?

●●●

Your movie spoof of "Serpigo" was hilarious. I saw that both your competitors did takeoffs on this movie, but yours was the best. The writing was great and Jerry Grandenetti's artwork was nothing short of brilliant. Sick, you're the greatest!

Horace Shipley
Roanoke, Va.

ED: Shipley, eh? Glad to have you aboard!

●●●

I cut out those gag mag covers in your last issue and almost flipped. They're miniatures and you can't paste them over the originals. But I figured a way out. I'm gonna blow them up!

Ted Roark, Jr.
Jackson, Miss.

●●●

I entered your knock-knock joke contest and lost. Only I should have won. SICK's judges should be fired!

Mary Welles
Lexington, Ky.

ED: The judges say, "Every knock-knock is a boost-boost."

●●●

Those caricatures of world leaders in the "Henry Kissinger Sing-along Group" were very well drawn. I liked them even more when I discovered they were drawn by a girl, Diane Levin. Viva Womens' Lib! It's about time we saw some girl artists in your magazine!

Roslyn Bixby
Elmira, N.Y.

ED: See, we are overcoming the gender-ation gap!

People wonder just what kind of a President Ford will make. Some worry that he'll turn out to be an Edsel. . .

It seems that everyone in Washington is writing his memoirs. Which is really weird considering they couldn't remember a thing at the hearings. . .

You just can't beat fate: A fellow from Chicago was deathly afraid of planes, and so he took the train for the first time. Poor guy—a plane fell on it . . .

Did you hear about the man in Los Angeles who crossed a railroad sign with a topless bathing suit? He doesn't know what he has but everyone stops and looks . . .

Know what they call a person who sneaks into a skating rink? A cheapskate . . .

I leave you with one last thought: Do you know that if Tuesday Weld married Frederic March the Second she'd be Tuesday March the Second!

Sign in ice-skating rink: "GEORGE WASHINGTON SLIPPED HERE!"

MOVIE SATIRE:

THE DAY OF THE DULL-FIN

Script by FRED WOLFE
Art by JERRY GRANDENETTI

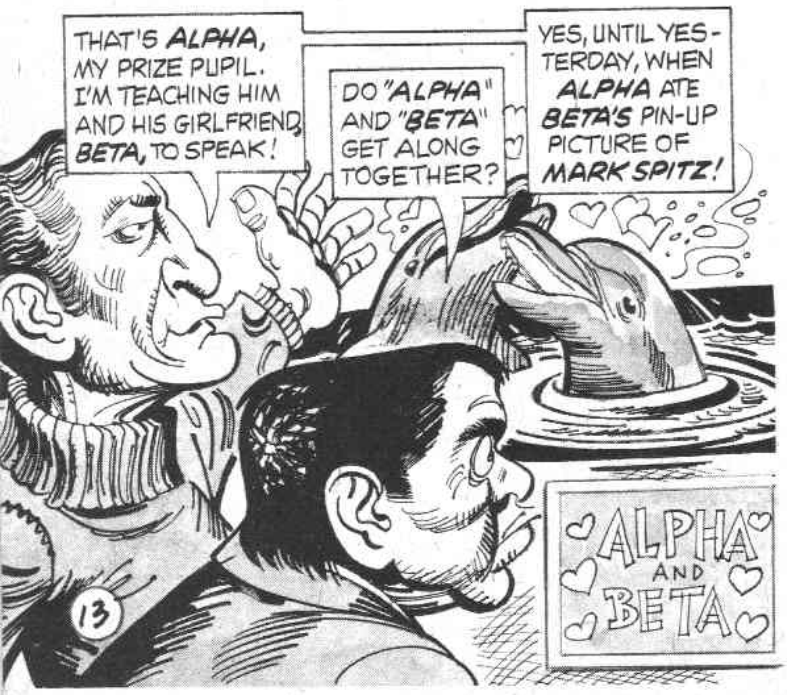
Captain Cousteau is mugged underwater as Oscar winner George C. Scott dives beneath the waves to take over his territory—and try out a new Timex—while floundering around in this fish-fondling dolphin opera.
And for those of you who can't stand the ocean motion, the management will gladly sprinkle Dramamine on your popcorn—although it probably won't stop the nausea from the plot of . . .

THE PICTURE OPENS WITH SCOTT ADDRESSING A GROUP OF LADIES WHO ARE INVOLVED WITH HIM IN A BIG FOUNDATION WHICH GETS PRETTY CROWDED--SINCE THIS ***FOUNDATION*** IS ACTUALLY A HUGE GIRDLE.-- SEEMS SCOTT'S PUT ON A LOT OF WEIGHT!...

AFTER CHEWING THE FAT—AND THE BLUBBER--OF A COUPLE OF LADIES WHO RESEMBLED BELUGA WHALES--SCOTT RETURNS TO ONE OF THE FLORIDA KEYS--WHICH HE LEFT UNDER THE MAT!...

THE HEAD OF THE BLOC OF SCIENTISTS WORKING ON SCOTT'S PROJECT DECIDES TO VISIT THE ISLAND--AND HERE COMES THE BLOC-HEAD NOW!

Sign in a restaurant: "OUR SILVERWARE IS NOT MEDICINE—DO NOT TAKE AFTER MEALS!"



Sign in Botanical Gardens: "VEGETARIANS ARE CRUEL TO PLANTS!"

THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY IN THE WIND WHEN THE ISLAND RECEIVES A VISIT FROM A SHIFTY STRANGER. WE KNOW HE'S SHIFTY BECAUSE HE CLAIMS TO BE CLOSE TO THE WHITE HOUSE STAFF--AND HE HASN'T EVEN BEEN ARRESTED!...

TELL ME, PROFESSOR SCOTT--IS THAT YOUNG DOLPHIN VERY HEAVY?

ARE YOU KIDDING? HIS BABY PICTURE ***ALONE*** WEIGHED OVER 85 POUNDS! BUT WHY DO YOU ASK?

WE'VE GOT TOP-SECRET INFORMATION THAT THERE'S A PLAN AFOOT TO ***KIDNAP*** YOUR DOLPHINS!

IS THIS BASED ON OFFICIAL ***C.I.A.*** FILES?

NO--ON A LEAK IN THE ***PENTAGON'S MENS' ROOM!***

17

BEFORE LONG, THE TIP PROVES TO BE A REALITY; ALPHA AND BETA ARE MISSING--THEIR FIN-PRINTS LEADING TO THE SEA...

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, SCOTT. THE DOLPHINS ARE ***GONE!*** NOT ONLY THAT, I'VE GOT IT STRAIGHT FROM JACK ANDERSON THAT THERE'S A PLOT TO HAVE THE DOLPHINS BLOW UP THE ***PRESIDENT'S YACHT!***

HOLY MACKEREL, ANDY! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO THE CULPRITS ARE THAT WANT TO GET RID OF THE PRESIDENT?

18

OLD KING COLE HAD SOUL!

GEORGE, WHY DON'T YOU USE THE ***SUPER-COMPUTER?***

GOOD IDEA?

19

WELL, SCOTT, HAVE YOU FOUND OUT THE PARTIES WHO WANT TO GET RID OF THE PRESIDENT?

YES, THE DEMOCRATS AND THE REPUBLICANS!

CLICK! CLANG! BLLLLLLLLL

20

MEANWHILE, THE DOLPHINS, ALPHA AND BETA, ARE BEING KEPT ABOARD A YACHT OWNED BY THE HEAD OF SCOTT'S FOUNDATION WHO IS ACTUALLY A SUBVERSIVE--HE PICKED CHARLIE THE TUNA FOR FISH OF THE YEAR!...

CHIEF, HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO KEEP THE DOLPHINS FROM SWIMMING AWAY? DO THEY TRUST YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE GEORGE'S BOSS?

NO, BECAUSE I SHOW THEM RE-RUNS OF ***"FLIPPER!"***

NOW, IT ONLY REMAINS TO ***TRAIN*** THE DOLPHINS TO RECOGNIZE THE FLAG ON THE CORRECT YACHT AND PLANT THE MAGNETIC MINES ATTACHED TO THEIR BACKS!

21

OKAY, ALPHA AND BETA. THAT'S ***HUGH HEFFNER'S*** YACHT!

S.S CENTERFOLD

22

AND THAT'S DEAN MARTIN'S YACHT!
S.S. HANGOVER
23
CHIEF, HOW ARE THE DOLPHINS GOING TO SELECT THE PRESIDENT'S YACHT? THERE ARE TOO MANY FLAGS FOR THEM TO REMEMBER!
MILK FUND
MEAT LOBBY
OIL LOBBY
WATERGATE
S.S. PERFECTLY CLEAR
24
Sign on Humanist Society wall: "CANNIBALS LIKE PEOPLE!"
UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE CONSPIRATORS, THEY MAKE ONE FATAL MISTAKE AND GET BLOWN UP THEMSELVES.
BOOOM!
IT'S NOT JUST THAT THE DOLPHINS ARE PATRIOTIC-- THE BADDIES BROKE THE ONLY RECORD THAT BETA OWNED OF ANDY WILLIAMS SINGING "MOON RIVER"...
25
TELL ME, ALPHA. DID YOU KNOW MR. NIXON WAS ON THE BOAT?
YES.
DID YOU REALIZE YOU COULD HAVE WIPED OUT THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES?
YES.
THEN HOW COME YOU DIDN'T BOMB THE PRESIDENT'S YACHT?
26
BETA AND I DECIDED TO SETTLE ON A RESIGNATION!
THE OTHER WAY LOOKED TOO FISHY.
THE END

"YA GOTTA BELIEVE!" is a baseball expression that swept the country. But how many people still believe in Santa Claus? We're talking about the kids—not the adults! They believe in anything—they even believed Nixon! But, believe in him or not, we wonder how long jolly Kris Kringle would stay jolly if he had to deal with the kookie cast of characters who inhabit today's paranoid planet. So, let's take a glance at . . .

SANTA CLAUS IN TODAY'S REAL WORLD

as reported by FRED WOLFE

Sign in an astrology class: "KEEP COOL—DON'T GO TO PISCES!"

Sign on Amtrak train: "PULLMAN PORTERS PRACTICE BERTH CONTROL!"

Sign in Shea Stadium bleachers during game: "YANKEE GO HOME!"

AWRIGHT, YOU WITH THE BURGLAR TOOLS... OFF THAT ROOF! WE'VE GOT A "WANT" OUT FOR A SANTA SECOND-STORY MAN!
NO, NO. I DON'T TAKE THINGS... I GIVE THEM AWAY. INFACT, OFFICER, HERE'S A LITTLE GIFT FOR YOU!
THEN YOU'LL TAKE IT?
A DIAMOND-STUDDED NIGHTSTICK!
OF COURSE! BEING "ON THE TAKE"... THAT'S THE AMERICAN WAY! JUST REMEMBER A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR THE DESK SERGEANT!
Sign in Reno bar: "LADIES NOT SERVED AT BAR – YOU HAVE TO BRING YOUR OWN!"
I'VE HAD IT! I'M GOING BACK TO THE NORTH POLE WHERE THINGS ARE NORMAL!
YWCA
EEEK! A PEEPING TOM! CALL THE POLICE!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED... I READ THE REVIEWS IN VARIETY! LET'S FACE IT, KRIS... YOUR SHOW BIZ DAYS ARE OVER. I'M TAKING CONTROL OF THIS PRODUCTION!
YOU? A MERE WOMAN? YOU FORGET I'M WORSHIPED BY MILLIONS OF BELIEVERS AS NICHOLAS.
YICCH! IF THERE'S ONE THING I CAN'T STAND... IT'S A MALE CHAUVINIST ST. NICK! I'M GOING TO MAKE THIS ACT A PAYING PROPOSITION! NO MORE FREE GIFTS... IT'S EITHER CASH ON THE LINE OR CREDIT CARDS!
VARIETY
YULE TOUR BIG BORE SANTA LAYS TRANSATLANTIC EGG
HO! HO! HO!
NO, DUM-DUM. FROM NOW ON, IT'S DOUGH! DOUGH! DOUGH!

With holiday season approaching, millions of greeting cards are exchanged all over the country. Trouble is, they all look alike. What we should have are more individualized greeting cards, like these . . .

SPECIALIZED XMAS CARDS

Created by **EDEN NORAH**

M
ER
RYC
HRIS
TMASA
NDAHAP
PYNEWYEAR

HOPE SANTA HAS HIS EYE ON YOU!

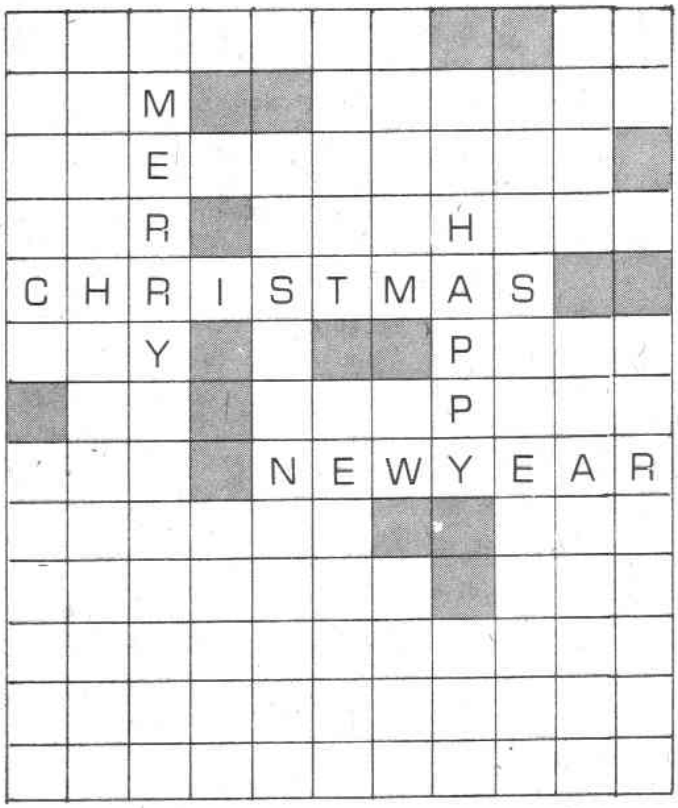
FROM AN OPTICIAN

FROM A BALLPLAYER

Sign in psychiatrist's office: "TWO COUCHES—NO WAITING!"

Sign in hospital corridor: "NO CHILDREN ADMITTED IN MATERNITY WARDS"

FROM A KIDNAPER



FROM A SCRABBLE ADDICT

In a recent newspaper column, Gerald Nachman bemoaned the fact that so many have ripped off on the original Hall of Fame. Today, there is a Baseball Hall of Fame, a Basketball Hall of Fame, a Football Hall of Fame—and who knows what else! It wouldn't surprise us if there was a Hookers Hall of Fame (hookers, dolts, are people who make rugs). Frankly, the FBI ought to put every Hall of Fame in the Hall of Shame, except one that we hold particularly dear to our hearts . . .

THE SCHOOLASTIC HALL OF FAME

Script by **PHIL HIRSCH**

Art by **Bert Houle**

EDDIE LAMMOX, otherwise known as Lammox the Lummox, who was the first dropout in school history. He failed in everything but social studies. This is because he didn't take social studies!

LEWIS POTZNICK, who wrote his crib notes on his sleeve in invisible ink and went blind trying to read them. He forgot that he had to dip his shirt in milk, in order for the notes to become legible!

LAWRENCE BRADIANO won his place in the exalted ranks of the Hall of Fame when, during World War I, seventh-grader Bradiano was also gassed. Had he joined up and gone "over there"? Heck, no! He was blackboard monitor, and in banging together so many erasers, he was "gassed" by the chalk dust!

SUZI HICKLER made the Hall by cutting eight classes a day, every day for three consecutive terms. But how did she make the Hall of Fame? She was so inconspicuous by her absence that she won the Good Conduct Medal all three terms! "Well," exclaimed the principal in explaining the issuance of the medal to Suzi, "we never heard a peep out of her!"

RUDOLPH SHLEE, another Hall of Famer, distinguished himself by spending six years in the third grade. He got out finally when he got an A in his sixth year, after the principal prevailed upon Shlee's teacher to find some way to promote him. The only grade Shlee could possibly get that wasn't an F was, in one instance, an A—as a grade A moron!

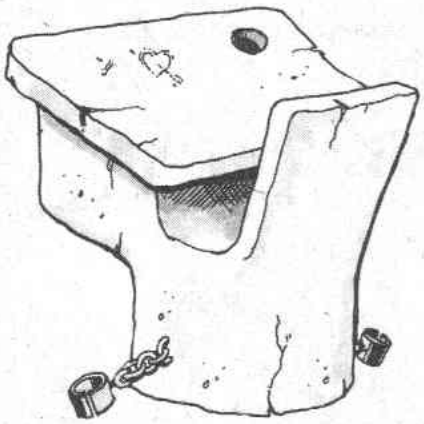
TEACHER ELWOOD HOCK, who in his distinguished career taught in six trouble schools, three reform schools and a private school for public offenders. Hock had 4 broken legs (he has 4 legs), had his arms broken 12 times and is a walking wound from head to toe—and he holds a black belt in karate!

Sign in tailor shop: "WE'LL CLEAN FOR YOU, WE'LL PRESS FOR YOU, WE'LL EVEN DYE FOR YOU!"

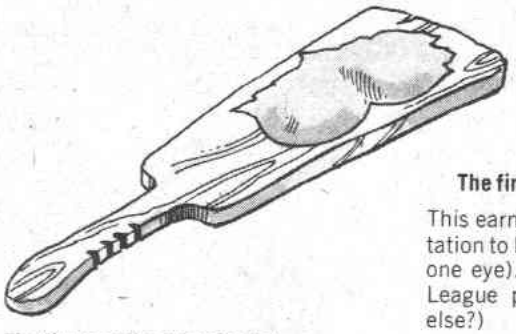
Sign in reducing salon: "A WORD TO THE WIDE IS SUFFICIENT!"

The Schoolastic Hall of Fame is situated in a little old schoolhouse on the outskirts of Academia, Wisconsin. Members elected to its hallowed, graffiti-filled halls are initiated in a cap-and-goon graduation-like ceremony, and their names are enshrined in chalk on blackboards that grace the marble walls of this Pantheon of Public School Performers.

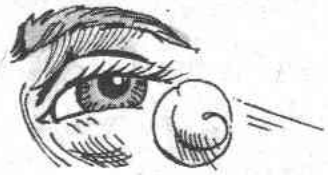
ARTIFACTS MUSEUM



The first desk when school was first invented (in Latvia, 2384 B.C.)

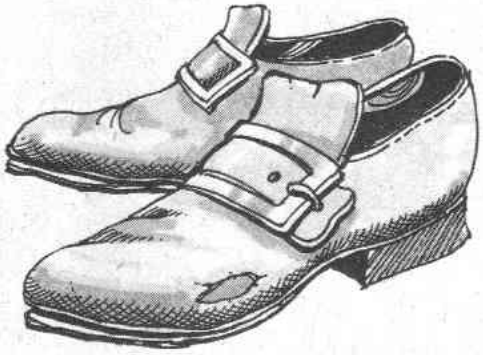


The first paddle ever wielded by an American teacher.



The first spitball ever thrown in a classroom.

This earned Gaylord Peary a no-no and an invitation to leave school (he blinded the teacher in one eye). But he went on to become a Major League pitcher who threw the spitter (what else?)



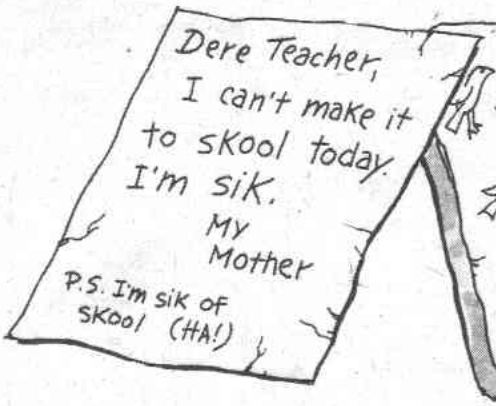
The first school bus.

The first broken school window.

The first report card.

Invented not by school authorities, but by a stupid student who was failing everything, but who told his parents he was getting A, the top mark, and concocted a report card. Authorities soon adopted the idea.

The first phony absent note.



The first crib sheet.

Unfortunately, the student, Anon Amous, never got to school to use the crib sheet. He got a hernia and had to be rushed to whatever they used for hospitals in those days.

The first stick of gum ever thrown into a student's hair.

Gum-discarder, Seymour Layback, was thrown out of school for gumming up the works.

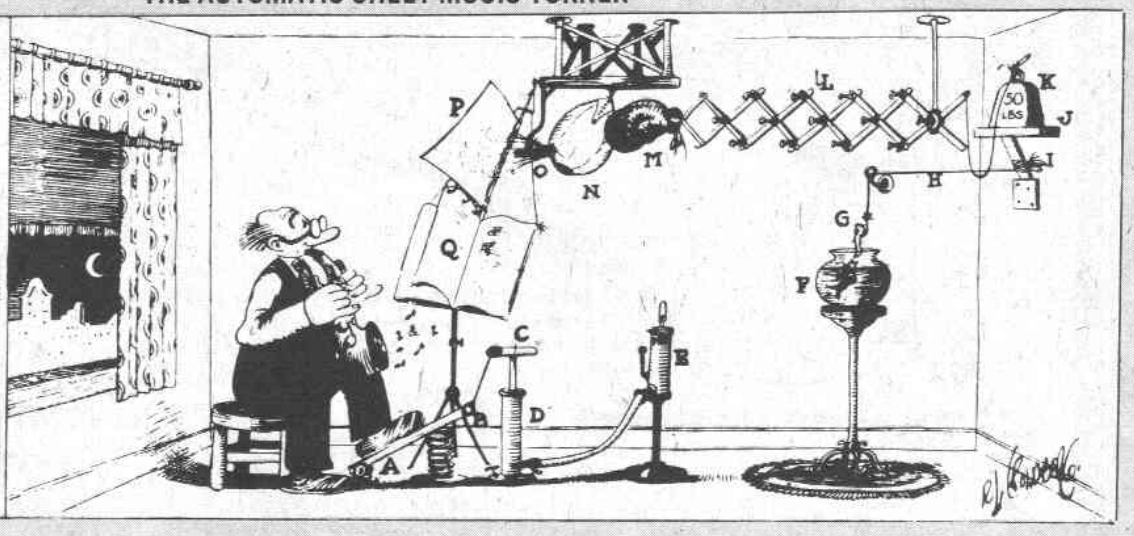
Sign on George Washington Bridge: "IN CASE OF ENEMY ATTACK, DRIVE OFF BRIDGE!"

MORE INVENTIONS FROM RUBE GOLDBERG

THE AUTOMATIC SHEET MUSIC TURNER

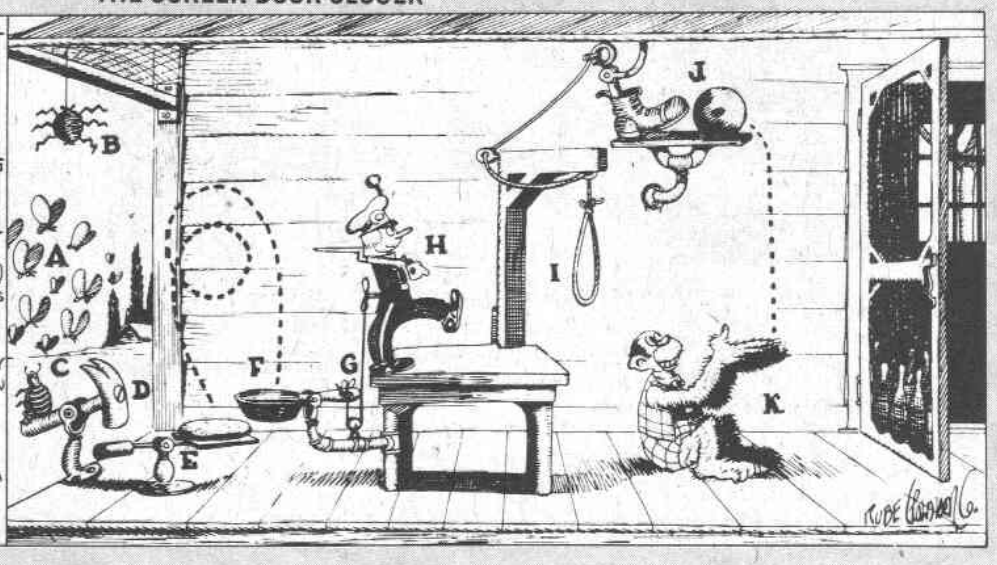
AT LAST! THE GREAT BRAIN OF THE DISTINGUISHED MAN OF SCIENCE GIVES THE WORLD THE SIMPLE AUTOMATIC SHEET MUSIC TURNER!

PRESS LEFT FOOT (A) ON PEDAL (B) WHICH PULLS DOWN HANDLE (C) ON TIRE PUMP (D). PRESSURE OF AIR BLOWS WHISTLE (E). GOLDFISH (F) BELIEVES THIS IS DINNER SIGNAL AND STARTS FEEDING ON WORM (G). THE PULL ON STRING (H) RELEASES BRACE (I), DROPPING SHELF (J). LEAVING WEIGHT (K) WITHOUT SUPPORT. NATURALLY, HATRACK (L) IS SUDDENLY EXTENDED AND BOXING GLOVE (M) HITS PUNCHING BAG (N) WHICH, IN TURN, IS PUNCTURED BY SPIKE (O). ESCAPING AIR BLOWS AGAINST SAIL (P) WHICH IS ATTACHED TO PAGE OF MUSIC (Q), WHICH TURNS GENTLY AND MAKES WAY FOR THE NEXT OUTBURST OF SWEET OR SOUR MELODY.



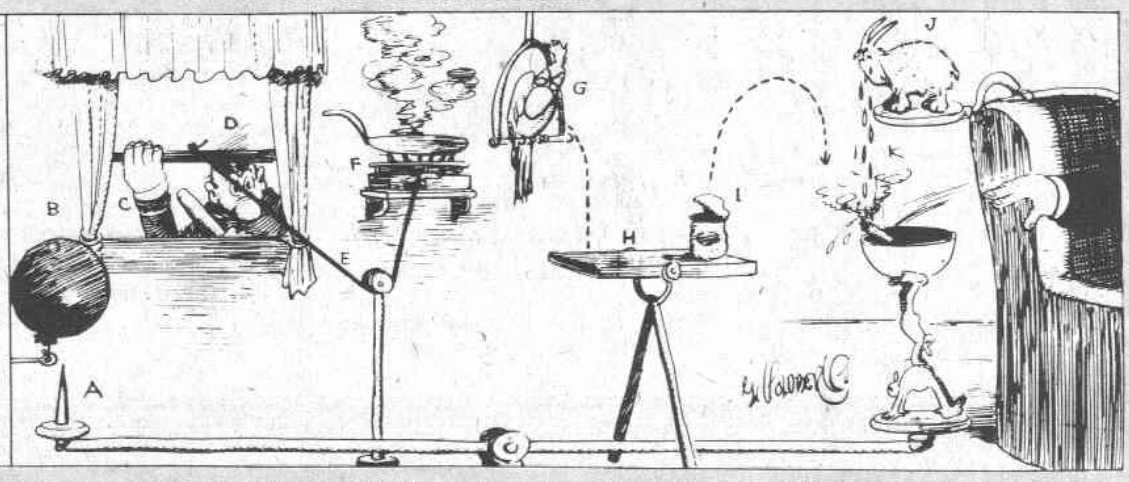
THE SCREEN DOOR CLOSER

PROFESSOR BUTTS MAKES A PARACHUTE JUMP, FORGETS TO PULL THE STRING AND WAKES UP THREE WEEKS LATER WITH AN AUTOMATIC DEVICE FOR KEEPING SCREEN DOORS CLOSED.
HOUSEFLIES (A) SEEING OPEN DOOR, FLY ON PORCH. SPIDER (B), DESCENDS TO CATCH THEM AND FRIGHTENS POTATO-BUG (C) WHICH JUMPS FROM HAMMER (D) ALLOWING IT TO DROP ON PANCAKE TURNER (E) WHICH TOSSES PANCAKE INTO PAN (F). WEIGHT OF PANCAKE CAUSES PAN TO TILT AND PULL CORD WHICH STARTS MECHANICAL SOLDIER (H) WALKING. SOLDIER WALKS TO EDGE OF TABLE AND CATCHES HIS HEAD IN NOOSE (I) THEREBY HANGING HIMSELF. WEIGHT IN NOOSE CAUSES STRING TO PULL LEVER AND PUSH SHOE AGAINST BOWLING BALL (J), THROWING IT INTO HANDS OF CIRCUS MONKEY (K) WHO IS EXPERT BOWLER. MONKEY THROWS BALL AT BOWLING PINS PAINTED ON SCREEN DOOR THEREBY CLOSING IT WITH A BANG.
THE MONKEY IS LIABLE TO GET SORE WHEN HE DISCOVERS THAT THE BOWLING PINS ARE PHONEY SO IT IS A GOOD IDEA TO TAKE HIM TO A REAL BOWLING ALLEY ONCE IN A WHILE JUST TO KEEP HIS GOOD WILL.



THE LIT CIGARETTE EXTINGUISHER

WEIGHT OF CIGARETTE BUTT LOWERS ASH-STAND AND CAUSES POINT (A) TO RISE AND PUNCTURE BALLOON (B). POLICEMAN (C), HEARING REPORT LIKE GUN, OPENS WINDOW (D), WHICH PULLS STRING (E) AND TURNS ON GAS STOVE (F) AND STARTS ONIONS AND GARLIC COOKING - PARROT (G) IS SOON GASSED AND FALLS TO PLATFORM (H), CAUSING TIN CAN (I) TO FLY UP IN AIR PAST GOAT (J) AND OUT OF HIS REACH - THIS CAUSES GOAT KEEN DISAPPOINTMENT AND HE CRIES BITTERLY - TEARS (K) FALL ON CIGARETTE BUTT AND EXTINGUISH IT COMPLETELY.

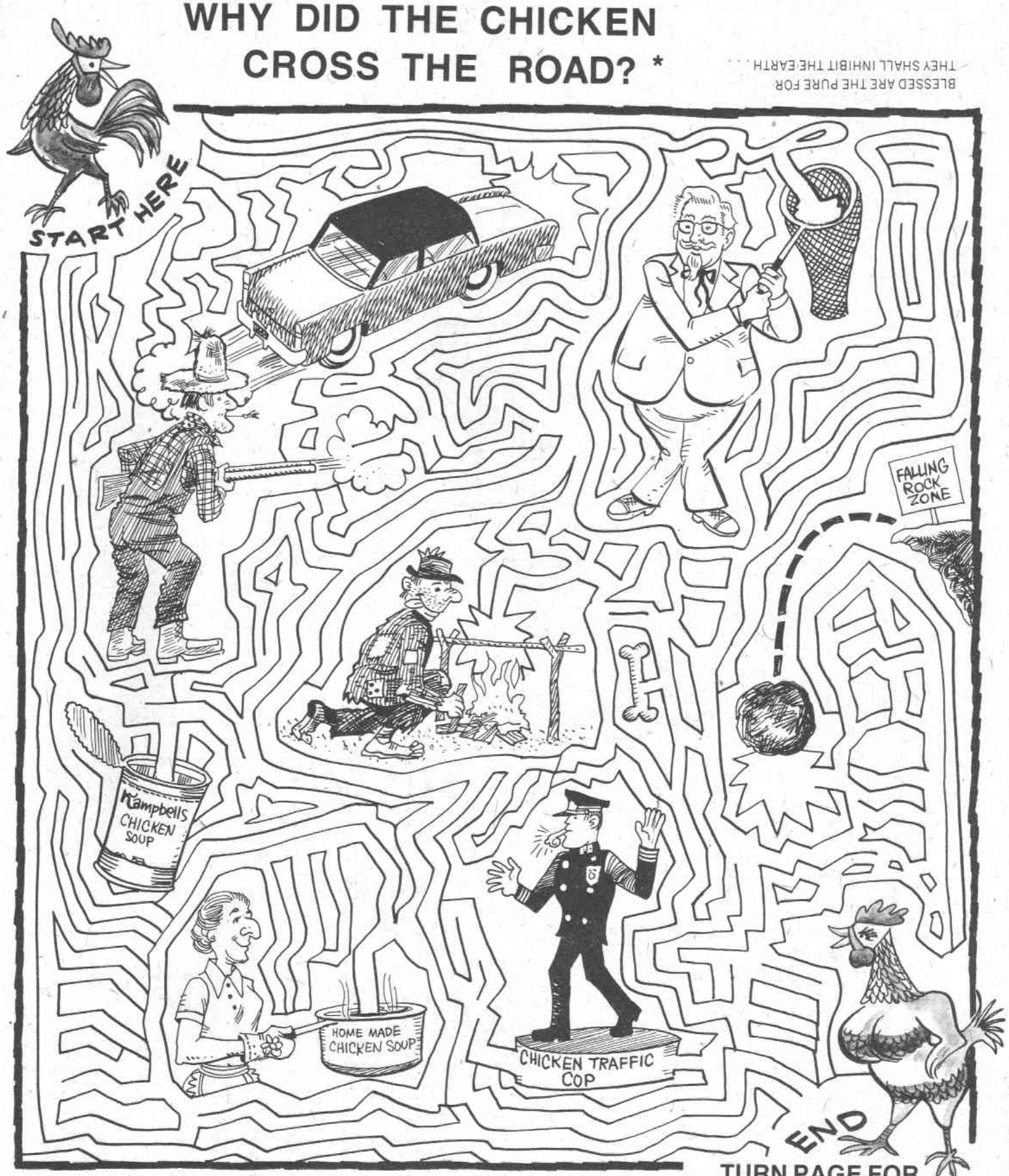


A SICK MAZE

Art by TONY TALLARICO

WHY DID THE CHICKEN CROSS THE ROAD? *

BLESSED ARE THE PURE FOR THEY SHALL INHIBIT THE EARTH . . .

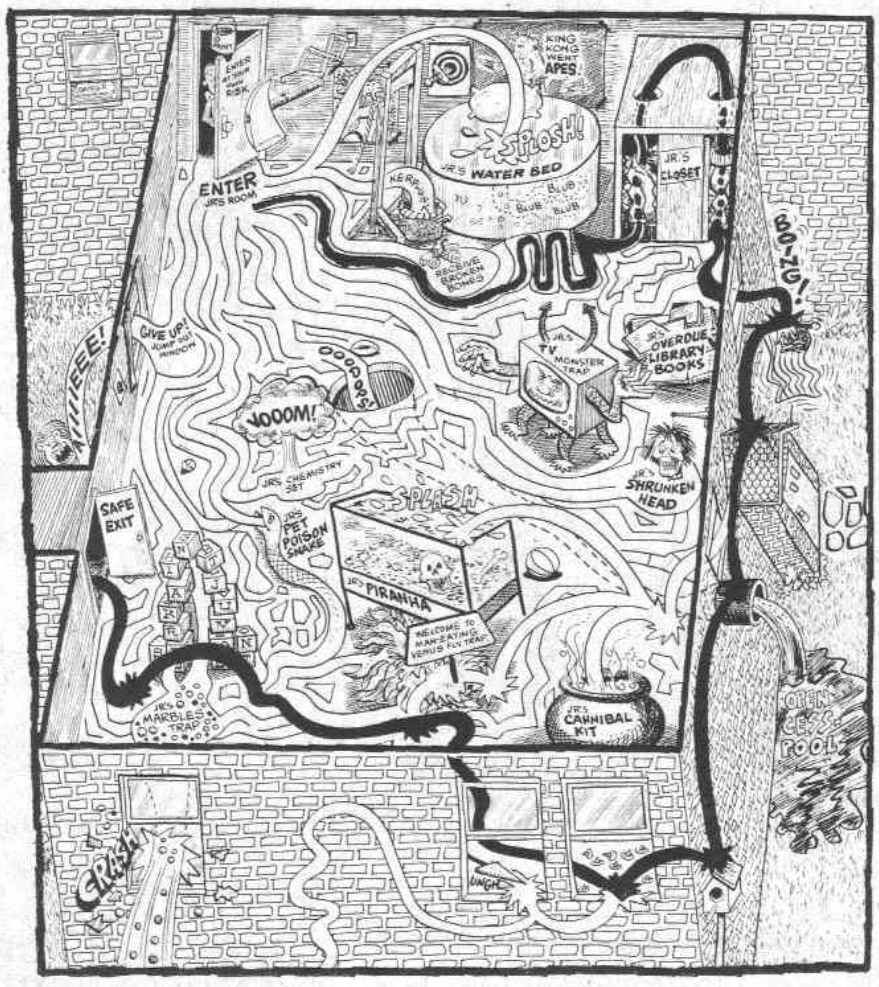


*TO GET TO THE OTHER CHICKEN!

TURN PAGE FOR CORRECT ROUTE

CORRECT ROUTE FOR THE CHICKEN TO GET TO THE OTHER SIDE

"Let's face it, pardner, I'm just trigger happy!"
—ROY ROGERS



ANSWER TO LAST ISSUE'S SICK MAZE

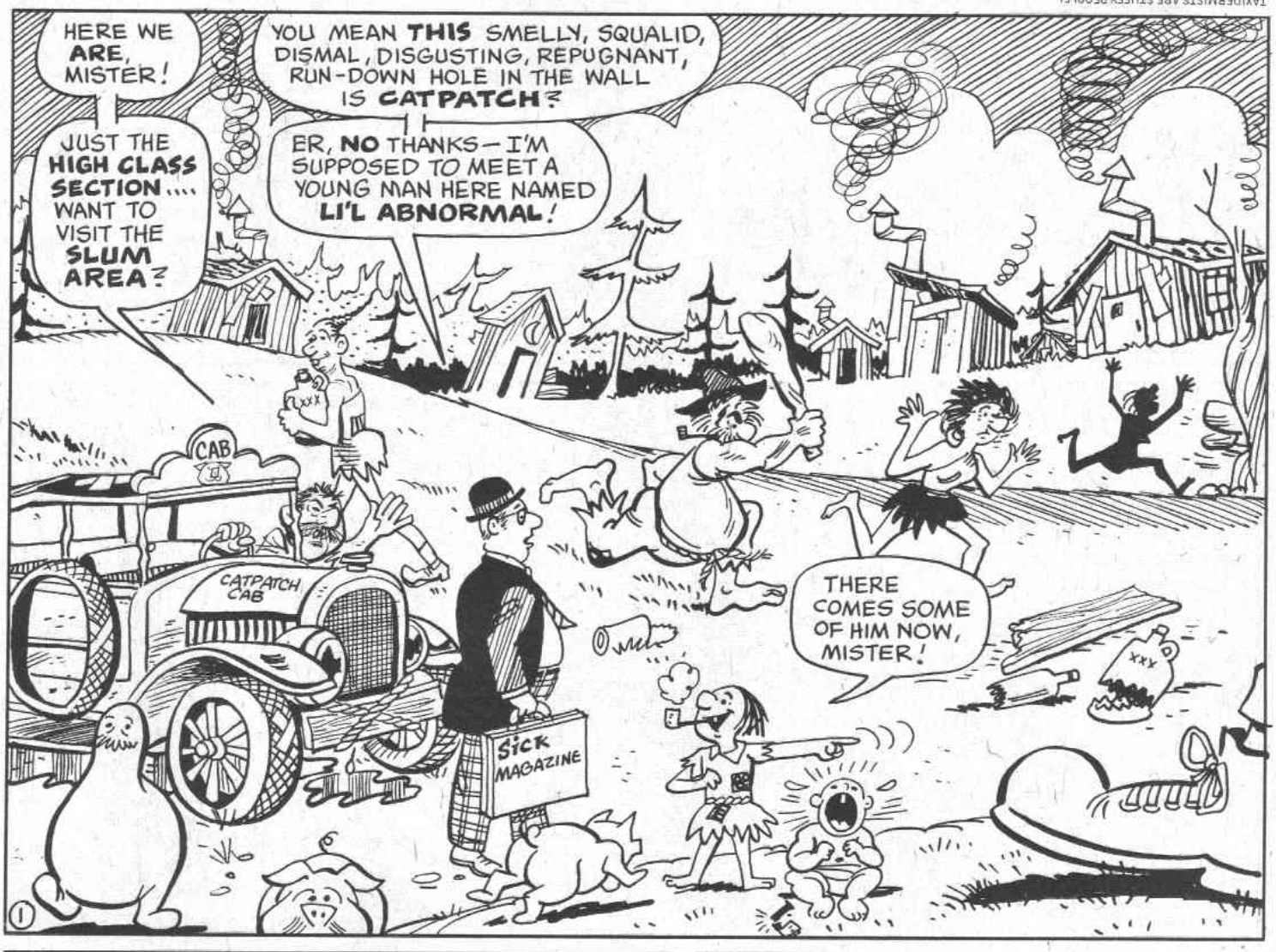
WALK THROUGH JUNIOR'S ROOM WITHOUT KILLING YOURSELF!

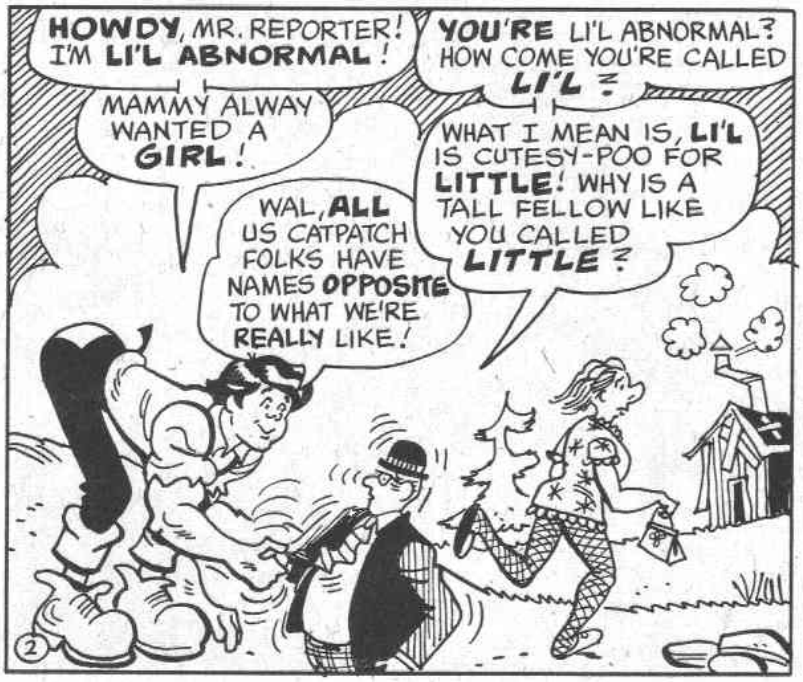
THE QUAINT LITTLE TOWN OF CATPATCH IS CALLED HOME BY SOME OF THE FAMOUS COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS OF ALL TIME. SICK MAGAZINE, ONCE AGAIN SPARING NO EXPENSE IN ITS UNFLAGGING EFFORTS TO NAUSEATE IT'S READERS, SENT A REPORTER TO CATPATCH TO INTERVIEW IT'S MOST ILLUSTRIOUS CITIZEN, WHO TURNED OUT TO BE A...

LI'L ABNORMAL

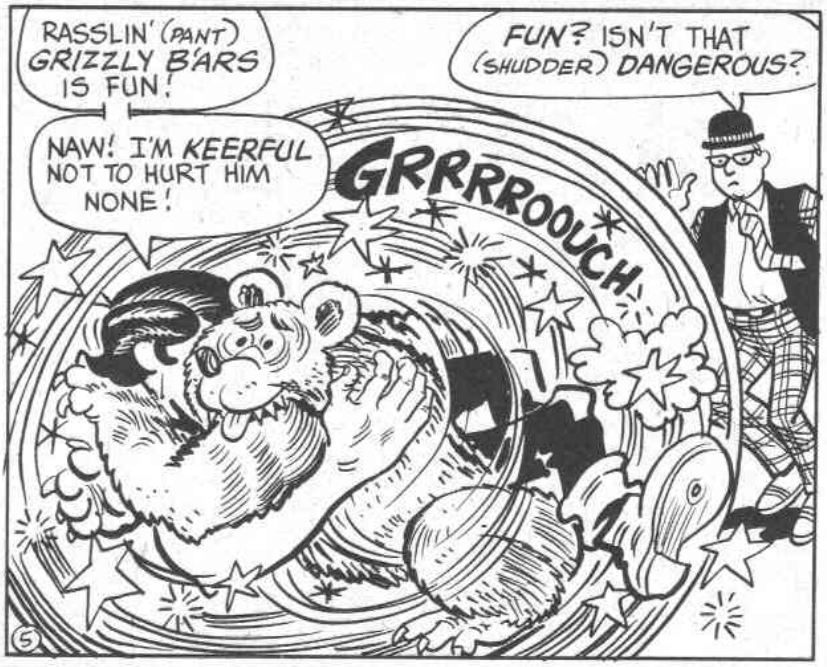
ART BY TONY TALLARICO SCRIPT BY LEN HERMAN

TAXIDERMISTS ARE STUFFY PEOPLE!



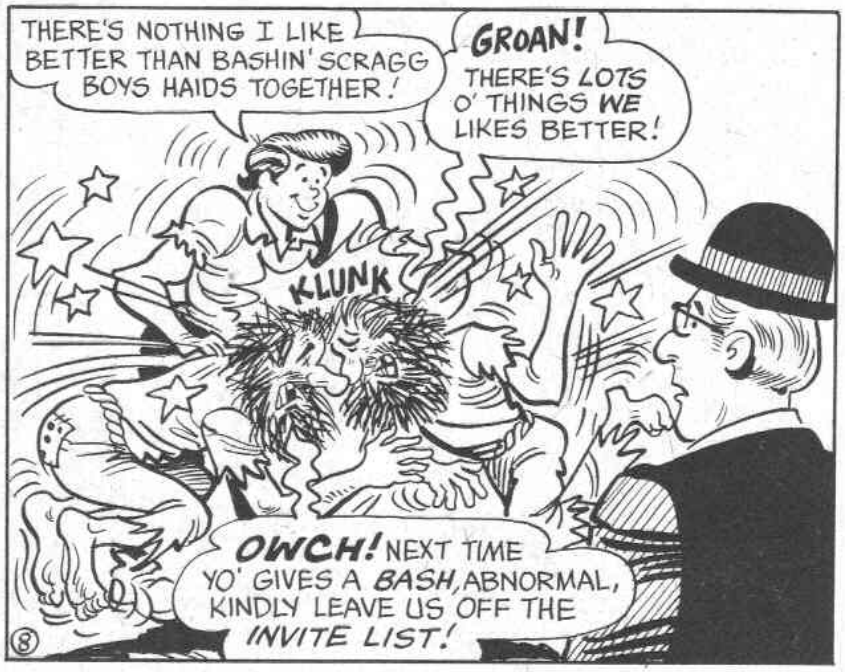


CATPATCH SEEMS LIKE SUCH A SMALL PLACE! WHAT DOES ONE DO FOR FUN?
OH, THERE'S PLENTY TO DO FOR FUN!
4

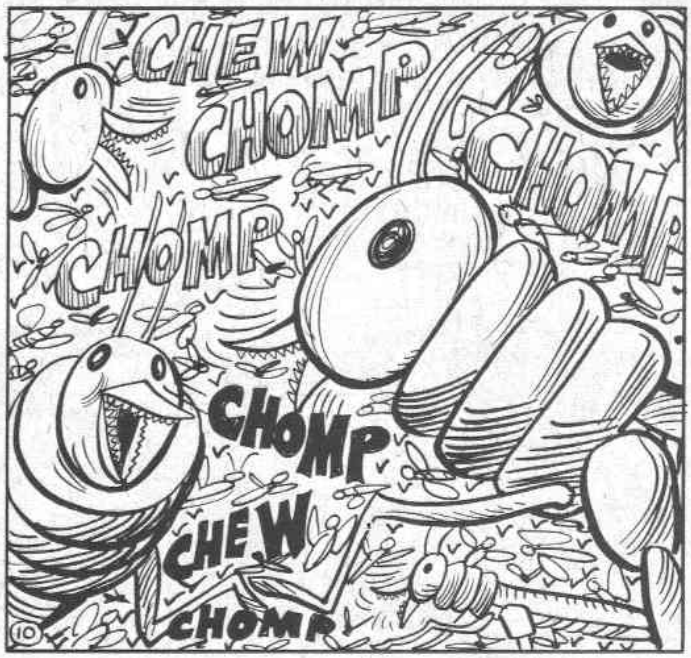

RASSLIN' (PANT) GRIZZLY B'ARS IS FUN!
FUN? ISN'T THAT (SHUDDER) DANGEROUS?
NAW! I'M KEERFUL NOT TO HURT HIM NONE!
GRRRROOUCH
5

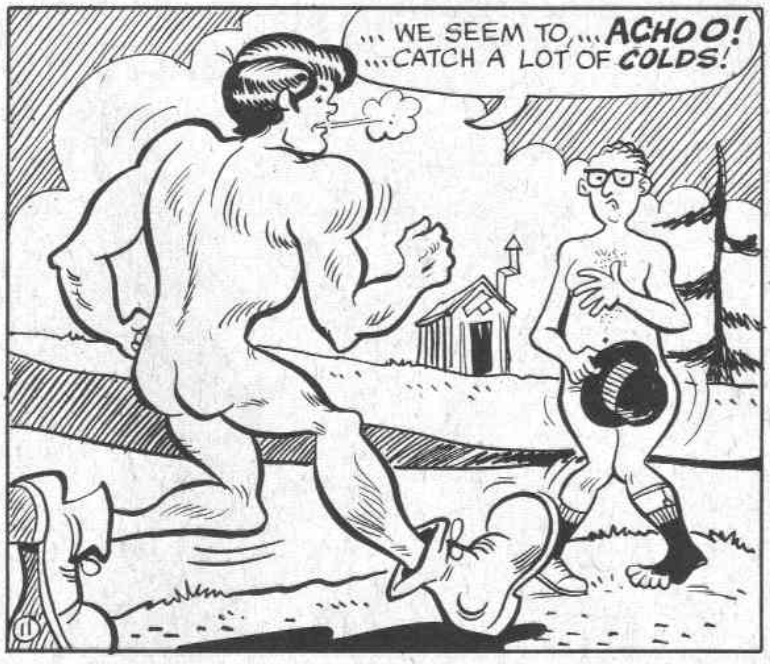
DODGIN' THE SCRAGG, BOYS' BULLETS IS FUN!
WE'UNS BEEN HAVIN' A FEUD FOR NIGH ON THIRTY YEARS!
WAL, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY- THERE'S NO FEUD LIKE AN OLD FEUD!
RECKIN I CIRCLE AROUND BEHIND THEM AND HAVE SOME MORE FUN!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
WHY ARE THEY SHOOTING AT YOU?
THAT'S A LONG TIME!
BLAM
BLAM! BLAM!
6

YOO-HOO-SCRAGG BOYS!
HEY, LUKE! DID YOU JES SAY 'YOO-HOO, SCRAGG BOYS'?
N-NO, CLEM, I WAS KINDA HOPIN' YOU SAID-'YOO-HOO, SCRAGG BOYS!'"
WAY, IF YOU DIDN'T SAY 'YOO-HOO-SCRAGG BOYS!" AND I DIDN'T SAY 'YOO-HOO SCRAGG BOYS!", WE'D BETTER GIT THE ASPIRIN READY!
7


THERE'S NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN BASHIN' SCRAGG BOYS HAIDS TOGETHER!
GROAN! THERE'S LOTS O' THINGS WE LIKES BETTER!
KLUNK
OWCH! NEXT TIME YO' GIVES A BASH, ABNORMAL, KINDLY LEAVE US OFF THE INVITE LIST!
8

FOR ALL THE HAZARDS AROUND HERE, YOU CATPATCHERS SEEM TO BE IN PRETTY GOOD HEALTH!
YUP! ONLY FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON...
HERE COMES THE 3:15 LOCUST PLAGUE RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!
9


CHEW
CHOMP
CHOMP
CHOMP
CHOMP
CHEW
CHOMP
10


...WE SEEM TO,...ACHOO! ...CATCH A LOT OF COLDS!
11

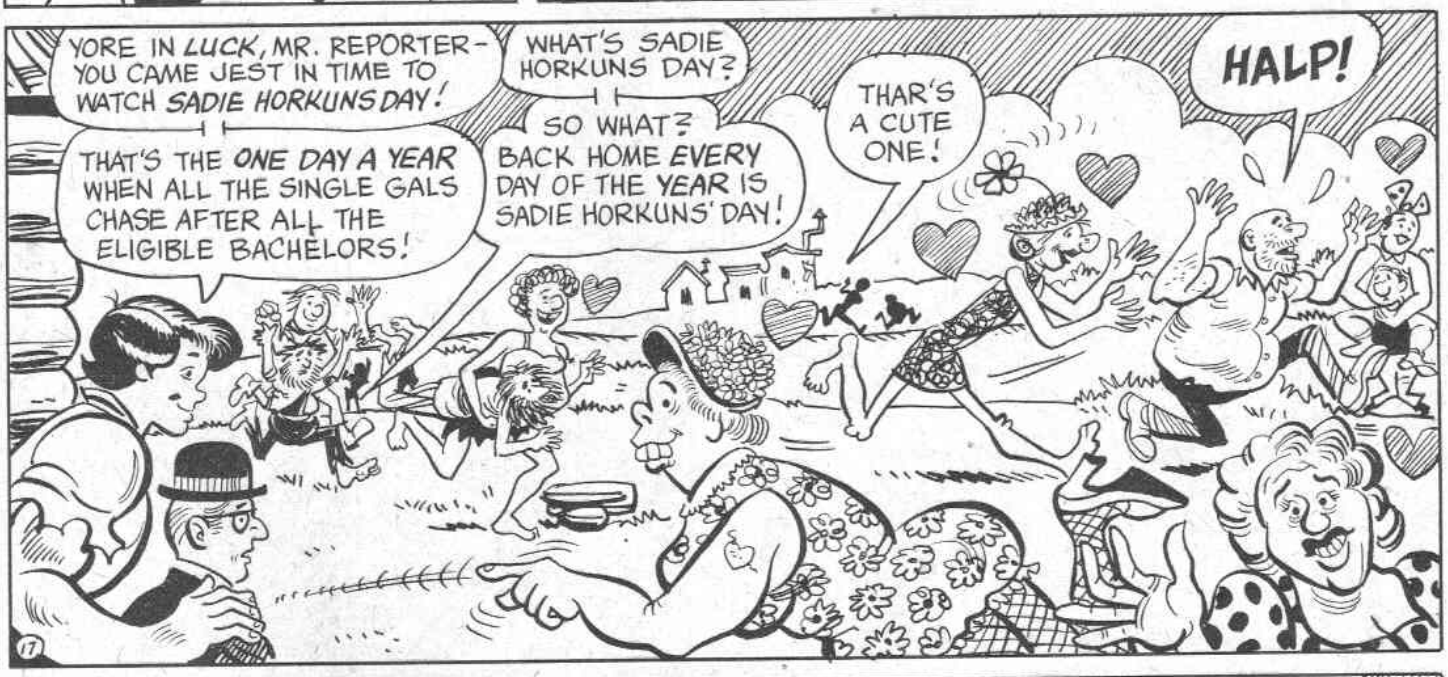
THIS HERE'S MY WIFE, DAISY SEPTEMBER! DAISY, MEET MR. REPORTER!
HELLO, DAISY-YOUR HUSBAND IS A LUCKY MAN!
SURE IS, MR. REPORTER! HE'S WON THE 'BIGGEST FEET IN CATCHPATCH' CONTEST 6 YEARS RUNNING!
12

WAL, LOOKY HERE! DAISY'S PREPARED MY FAVORITE MEAL- TURNIP GREENS SMOTHERED IN CATFISH EYEBALLS, JELLIED HOG SNOUTS AND PICKLED POSSUM INNARDS! CARE TO JOIN ME?
ER..... NO THANKS...!
OH, I FORGOT- YOU CITY FOLKS DON'T CARE FOR TURNIP GREENS!
13

ABNORMAL CERTAINLY HAS A PRODIGIOUS APPETITE!
YEP! AND HE EATS A LOT, TOO!
DOES HE ALWAYS EAT LIKE THAT?
NAW! WHEN HE'S REALLY HONGRY HE USES BOTH HANDS!
CHOMP
CHOMP
CHOMP
14

YEOOWW! OOOOH! YEOW!
WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S EITHER A WOUNDED MOUSE OR PAPPY!
15

OWCH! STOP IT, PANSY!
YUP, IT'S PAPPY! MAMMY'S JES' BEATIN' UP ON HIM AGAIN!
WHY IS SHE DOING THAT?
HE DIDN'T GET HIS HOUSECLEANIN', LAUNDERIN' AND COOKIN' DONE ON TIME! DARN NEAR MADE MAMMY MISS HER WOMEN'S LIB, MEETIN'!
16


YORE IN LUCK, MR. REPORTER- YOU CAME JEST IN TIME TO WATCH SADIE HORKUNS DAY!
THAT'S THE ONE DAY A YEAR WHEN ALL THE SINGLE GALS CHASE AFTER ALL THE ELIGIBLE BACHELORS!
WHAT'S SADIE HORKUNS DAY?
SO WHAT? BACK HOME EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR IS SADIE HORKUNS' DAY!
THAR'S A CUTE ONE!
HALP!
17

ARE YOU A ELIGIBLE BACHELOR, MR. REPORTER?
ER, YES- WHY?
SWEET SMELLIN' SUE, HERE IS HANKERIN' FOR A HUSBAND!
I'D CONSIDER IT IF SHE'D TAKE A BATH ONCE A YEAR!
FORGIT IT! AIN'T DUBLIN UP MY BATH SCHEDULE FOR NO MAN!
18

WELL, I'M AFRAID IT'S TIME TO GET GOING! I'VE GOT A STORY TO WRITE!
ARE YOU SURE YOU HAVE TO GO? YOU'LL MISS THE 6:30 LOCUST PLAGUE!
THAT'S OKAY- I'LL JUST WRITE ABOUT THE 3:15 LOCUST PLAGUE TWICE!
19

GOODBYE! COME VISIT US AGAIN, HEAR?
UH, SURE!
I'D RATHER VISIT A WOLF LAIR DRESSED AS A LAMBCHOP!
CAB
SICK MAGAZINE
CATPATCH CAB
20

TO EDITOR, SICK MAGAZINE, N.Y.C.: THIS WAS THE MOST DEPRESSING ASSIGNMENT YOU'VE EVER GIVEN ME! TO SEE THESE SIMPLE, IGNORANT PEASANTS LIVING OUT THEIR EMPTY, POVERTY-STRICKEN LIVES WAS ABSOLUTELY HEARTBREAKING!!

HE'S GONE! COME ON. EVERYBODY- LET'S GO TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL!
22

I CAN'T WAIT TO GET THESE OAFISH OVERALLS OFF!
YOU CAN TALK! WEARING THIS GRIZZLY BEAR SUIT ISN'T EXACTLY A PICNIC, YOU KNOW!
YES, IT SURE IS TOUGH KEEPING UP THIS ACT EVERY-TIME SOME IDIOT MAGAZINE WANTS TO DO A STORY ON US!
ED'S TRAINED LOCUSTS
23

MORE CAVIAR AND CHAMPAGNE, SIR?
THANK YOU, HASKINS!
MISS DAVIS, TAKE A TELEGRAM TO AL CLAP!
AL, BABY- YOUR LATEST ROYALTY CHECK WAS 25 GRAND SHORT. UNLESS YOU RECTIFY THIS OVERSIGHT IMMEDIATELY, YOU'LL HEAR FROM OUR ATTORNEYS! VERY TRULY YOURS, AB AND THE GANG!
HOW WAS THE MARKET TODAY?
REAL ESTATE! THAT'S WHERE IT'S AT!
WHEN I THINK OF THE RESIDUALS THEY'RE GETTING, I CAN SCREAM!
TENNIS ANYONE?
BEVERLY HILLBILLIES
THE END
24

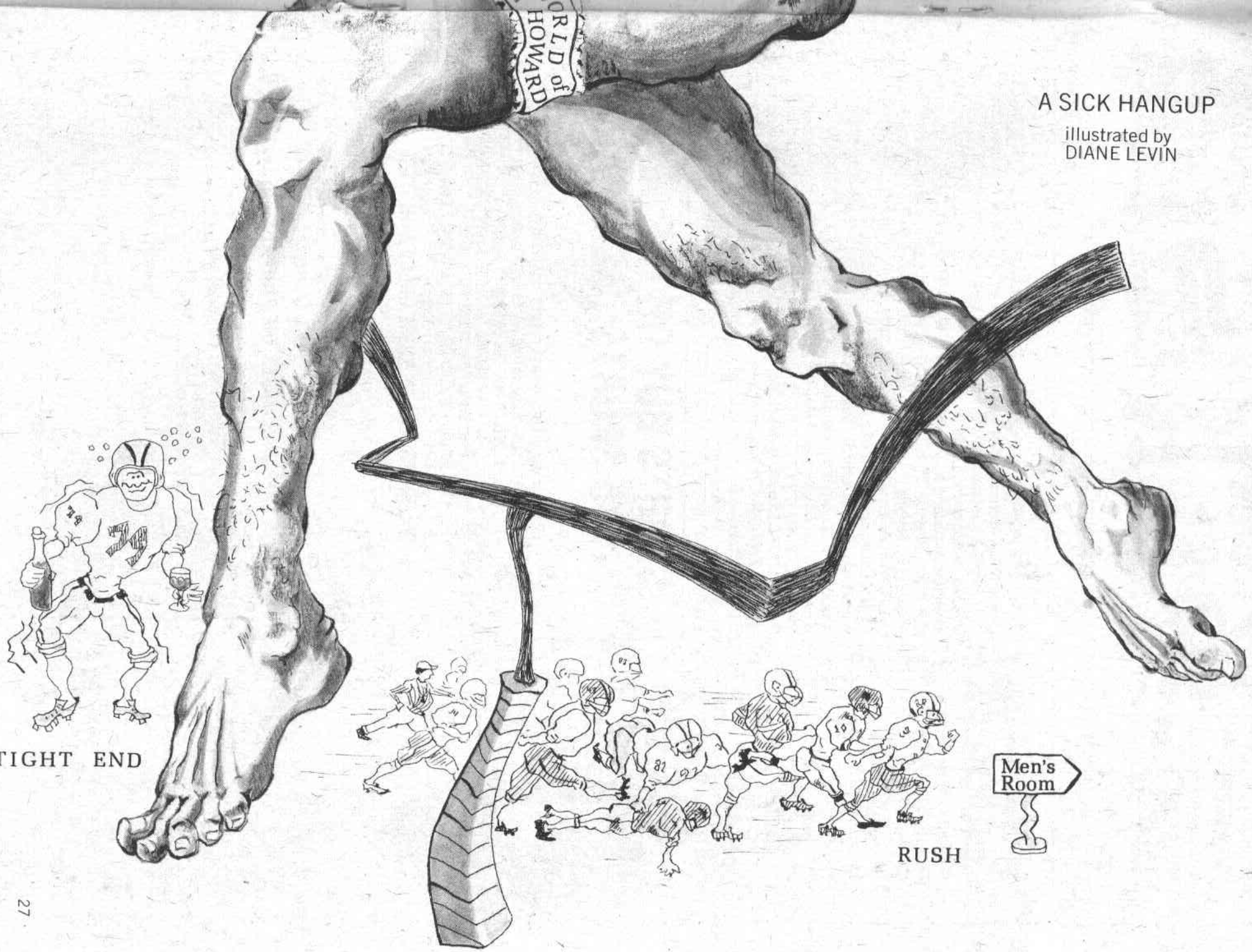
PLAYMATE OF THE MOUTH

HOWARD COSELL

42-36-44-**HIKE!**

A SICK HANGUP

illustrated by
DIANE LEVIN



WEATHER:
Fair today;
Unfair
tomorrow.

Sick Sick

BOMB THE BAN!

IN-SICK-NIFICANT

Prices continue to soar upward. In fact, the new infaltion song is "I Wonder What's Become Of Salary?" Hardest hit are food prices. One bookstore just put its cookbooks in the fiction section!

DETROIT, MICH.: A prizefighter hereabouts quit the ring recently after losing 73 consecutive fights. All we can say is, he sounds like a real sore loser.

ALEXANDRIA, VA.: With Gerald Ford's rapid rise from Congressman to Vice President to President in eight months, the Marine Band is all confused. They don't know whether to play "Hail To The Chief" or "You've Come A Long Way, Baby!"

BOSTON, MASS.: An immigrant youth boasted that he learned the "Star Spangled Banner" and proceeded to recite it this way: "Oer the land of the free and the home of the brave Play Ball!"

ALBANY, N.Y.: A report floating around here is that former Governor Rockefeller's wife Happy has three brothers hidden away in the area: Sneezy, Grumpy and Dopey.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.: EXCLUSIVE: Euell Gibbons just ate Peg Leg Bates!

WARSAW, POLAND: EXCLUSIVE: A flood of tasteless American jokes is now sweeping Poland!

WASHINGTON, D.C.: The latest news here is that the President has named a new White House physician. He will be in charge of Ford tuneups.

ANNAPOLIS, MD.: A report from the Navy has revealed that the cost of submarines has doubled in the past year. This proves that even the cost of going down is going up.

SPORTS BUY OF THE YEAR
1975 SPORTS CALENDAR

(by the editors of SPORTS TODAY)

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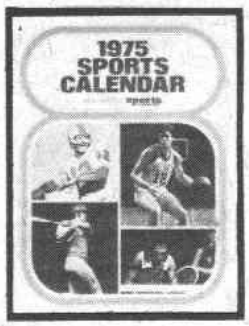
THE SPORTS CALENDAR MAKES THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT!



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Sign under office clock: "IT'S EARLIER THAN YOU THINK!"

Sign on Washington apartment building: "IMPEACH MY WIFE—SHE'S BUGGING ME!"

World

THOUGHT FOR TODAY:

Do you know that Adam and Eve were the only two humans not to have navels?

NEWS OF THE MONTH

by FRED WOLFE

Sign in department store window: "5 SANTA CLAUSES—NO WAITING"

BOSTON, MASS.: A local wife divorced her husband because he kept his collection of old fossils in their bedroom, piled high up to the ceiling. There's one marriage that really went on the rocks!

NEW YORK, N.Y.: Garment Center manufacturers have predicted that in five years women's dresses would be made out of glass. Now that's something worth looking into!

DENVER, COLO.: When a resident died, it was discovered she left $148,000 hidden in her girdle. That's a lot of money to leave behind!

BRITISH COLUMBIA: The Great International Bathtub Race took place here recently, contestants from all over the world racing their homemade tubs 36 miles across the Strait of Georgia to Vancouver. It proved so popular that it may become an annual event. Imagine! Not having to get out of a bathtub once to answer the telephone!

LONDON, ENGLAND: The news from abroad is that there's been a rash of bank robberies recently in and around London. Well, it does seem to indicate renewed confidence in the British pound!

KOOKY KLASSIFIEDS

Build your own iron lung; assembly kit of 62,500 different parts now available. Simplified method that a child can complete. Send $1 to BOX 56E

SODA FOUNTAIN selling out; will sacrifice; only one block away from junior high and high school; owner selling because of nervous breakdown. BOX 49J

NO LONGER RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY DEBTS INCURRED BY MY WIFE SHIRLEY. SHE HAS LEFT MY BED, AND BORED. STANLEY MANLEY, SPRING VALLEY, N.Y.

★ SICK CARTOON OF THE MONTH ★

"Mrs. Schmithauser wants to know if you can come right over. Little Ludwig seems to have chills and fever and is developing an odd rash."

These days workers are demanding more than higher salaries. Most of them are interested in gaining "fringe benefits"—extra little rewards to go with their jobs. Here are some of the demands we may expect in the future . . .

FRINGE

TEACHERS

- Free tape to paste over the mouths of noisy students.
- A machine that catches spitballs and throws them back.
- Firecrackers to wake up sleeping students.
- Special blackboards to write their OWN graffiti.

DENTISTS

- Gas masks to protect them from garlic-eating patients.
- Free rabies shots for child bites.
- Anti-fluoride toothpaste to make cavities in teeth that don't have any.

PARKS WORKERS

- Cushioned park benches for coffee breaks.
- The dropping of litter to be made into a CAPITAL OFFENSE, punishable by death.
- Artificial grass that never needs cutting.
- A machine gun to keep squirrels at bay.

FIREMEN

- 10 boxes of marshmallows per week.

Sign on subway car door: "THE PUBLIC BE JAMMED!"

BENEFITS

Script by **BOB HEIT**

Art by **BILL BURKE**

SANITATION MEN

- Bouquets of flowers tied to the top of every garbage can.
- 10 free spray cans of Right Guard per week.
- A stereo set on every garbage truck to provide inspiring music, like GARBAGE IS FALLIN' ON MY HEAD.
- Nose guards.

TV WEATHERMEN

- Free umbrellas for those days on which they predict a sunny day.
- Free eye tests so that they'll stop predicting SUNNY when they can look out the window and see that it's raining.

PLUMBERS

- Free life preservers.
- Free swimming instructions by Mark Spitz.
- A collection of toy boats to play with.

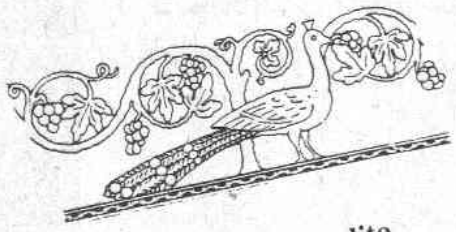
TREE SURGEONS

- Long operating tables and cute nurses to assist them.
- Free helmets to protect them from birds.

Sign on fortune teller's door: "MEDIUM PRICES."

COOKBOOKS THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY CELEBRITIES

by Marylyn Ippolito



HOW TO ROAST A PIG
by Billy Jean King

THE LAST MANGO IN PARIS DESSERT BOOK
by Marlon Brando

101 RECIPES FOR BOILED TONGUE
by Howard Cosell

ITALIAN COOKING YOU CAN'T REFUSE
by the Mafia

THE DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE-MIX BOOK
by William Peter Blatty

RECALLING MAMA'S COOKING
by Ralph Nader

MAKING PERFECTLY CLEAR SOUPS
by Richard M. Nixon

AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY CAFES
by Henry Kissinger

THE IT'S-ALL-GREEK-TO-ME COOKBOOK
by Melina Mercouri

UNIDENTIFIED FRYING OBJECTS
by the NASA Space Team

A CHICK IN EVERY POT
by Joe Namath

POTLUCK
by Timothy Leary

OPEN SESAME SEED
by Ali Baba

AFTER-THEATER SNACKS
by John Wilkes Booth

ROLLING IN THE DOUGH
by the Godfather

BOX LUNCHES THAT PACK A PUNCH
by Muhammad Ali

POOLSIDE PARTY DIPS
by Lloyd Bridges

THE HOW-TO COOKBOOK FOR THE NEW BRIDE*
by Elizabeth Taylor
***VOLUME IV**

DOING THINGS WITH RABBITS
by Hugh Hefner

HOW TO BE FONDA FONDUES
by Henry, Peter and Jane

101 DIFFERENT WAYS TO COOK WITH CHERRIES
by George Washington

500 DRINKS MADE WITH PRUNE JUICE
by the Galloping Gourmet

HOLY MACKEREL AND OTHER FISH DINNERS
by Pope Paul

ENJOYING THREE SQUARE MEALS A DAY
by Lawrence Welk

CAMPFIRES, BARBECUES AND COOK-OUTS
by Joan of Arc

HOW TO FEED YOUR FAMILY ON ONLY $871,425 A WEEK
by Jackie Onassis

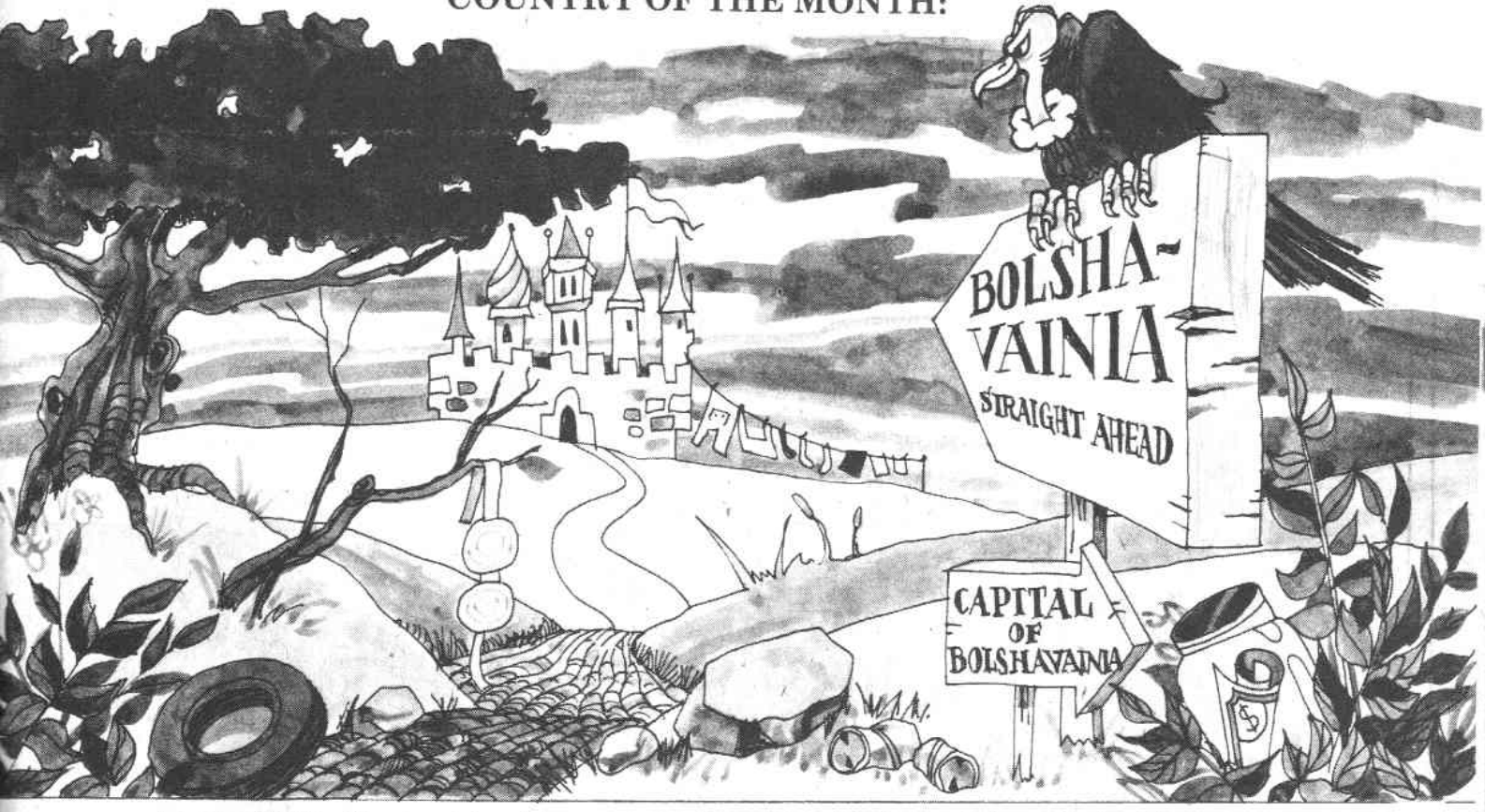
HAMBURGERS AND OTHER MEATLESS DINNERS
by McDonald's

HOW TO KILL, STUFF AND EAT A PET DUCK WITH NO GUILTY FEELINGS
by Walt Disney

Script by KIM BENE **A TOURIST'S GUIDE TO** Art by BERNIE COOTNER

BOLSHAVAINIA

COUNTRY OF THE MONTH:



Located 300 miles west (and downwind) of the Great Schawartzberg Onion Swamps, the capital of Bolshavainia is about $14.32. They keep it in a mason jar buried beneath the Bolshavainian Mint, which is occasionally picked and served in mixed drinks to Bolshavainian tourists from Kentucky.

It's not hard to know when you've entered the peaceful little kingdom of Bolshavainia. You'll see the Bolshavainian national bird—a dead fly—proudly emblazoned on public buildings everywhere.

The Bolshavainian National Anthem is hummed, not sung, to the tune of "Yes, We Have No Bananas," and the gross national product is: "Toenail clippings from goats.

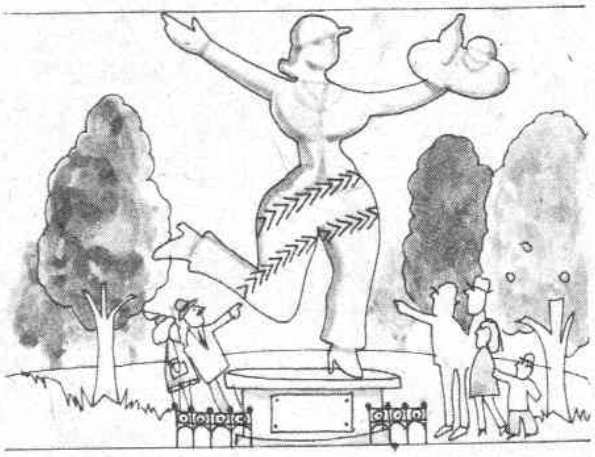
The best way to experience the local customs of this quaint country is to attend a Bolshavainian wedding. The bride wears a flowing floor-length veil of mosquito netting that practically covers her jeans. Following the Bolshavainian tradition, everyone rushes up to kiss the groom.

The groom wears formal black tennis shoes and if it's a short wedding the happy couple is showered with Minute Rice (probably the only shower they've had all month). Afterwards, everyone sits down to a catered banquet featuring the Bolshavainian national dish: Goat's Breath Soup and stale potato chips.

"(cough) . . . (cough) . . . (cough) . . . "
—SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Nor do they have a well developed sense of humor. A recent Bolshavainian joke went: "What is the difference between a Bolshavainian pig and a Bolshavainian woman?" Few, if any, Bolshavainians knew the answer. When you see a Bolshavainian woman, you won't either.

Most people, however, can easily recognize the difference between an elephant and a Bolshavainian mother-in-law. It's about eight pounds—in favor of the mother-in-law.



Bolshavainia in springtime is a tourist's paradise. High on the list of must-see attractions is the Tomb Of The Unknown Carhop. Close inspection will reveal the bumper marks of a 'fifty-seven Chevy on her stretch pants.

Sign on Park Avenue building: "JACKIE & ARI ONASSIS WERE MATCHED BY COMPUTER DATING!"

King Ludwig the Bewildered, monarch of Bolshavainia, recently banned water skiing from his country because he couldn't find a downhill lake. Now, for relaxation Bolshavainians don colorful peasant costumes and dance merrily around a dead goat.

While the nation of Bolshavainia itself does not officially participate in the Olympics, many of the other nations use Bolshavainian athletes as catchers for their javelin teams.

Like us, Bolshavainia is also experiencing an energy crisis, and they are doing everything possible to conserve their energy. Car pools are very popular, a typical Bolshavainian car pool consisting of four white collar Bolshavainians carrying a Volkswagon to work.

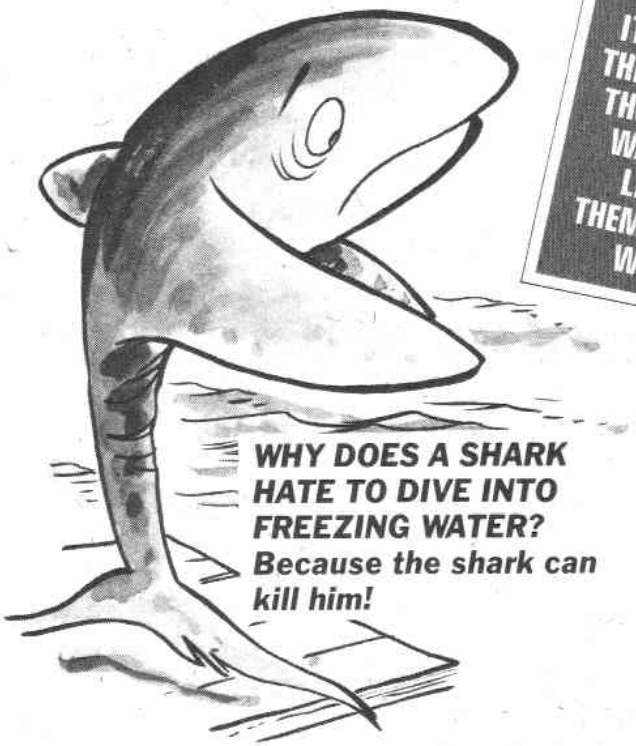
If you've enjoyed your visit to this quaint country it is considered acceptable to thank your host by presenting him with a gift. If your Bolshavainian host is wealthy and is a Bolshavainian who has everything, then give him a garbage truck to keep it in.

MORE SHARK JOKES

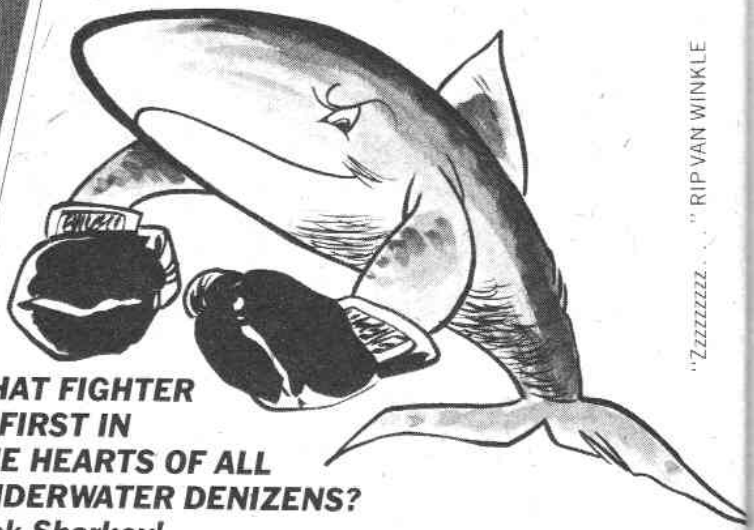
WHAT SIGN MAKES A SHARK VERY HAPPY?
No Fishing!

Script by HOPE LEE Art by JOHN LANGTON

IT'S SHARK THERAPY FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO LAUGH THEMSELVES WELL



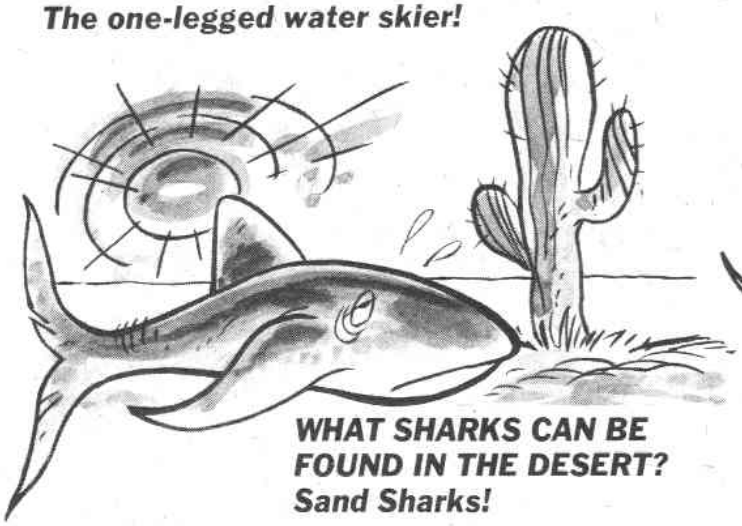
WHY DOES A SHARK HATE TO DIVE INTO FREEZING WATER?
Because the shark can kill him!



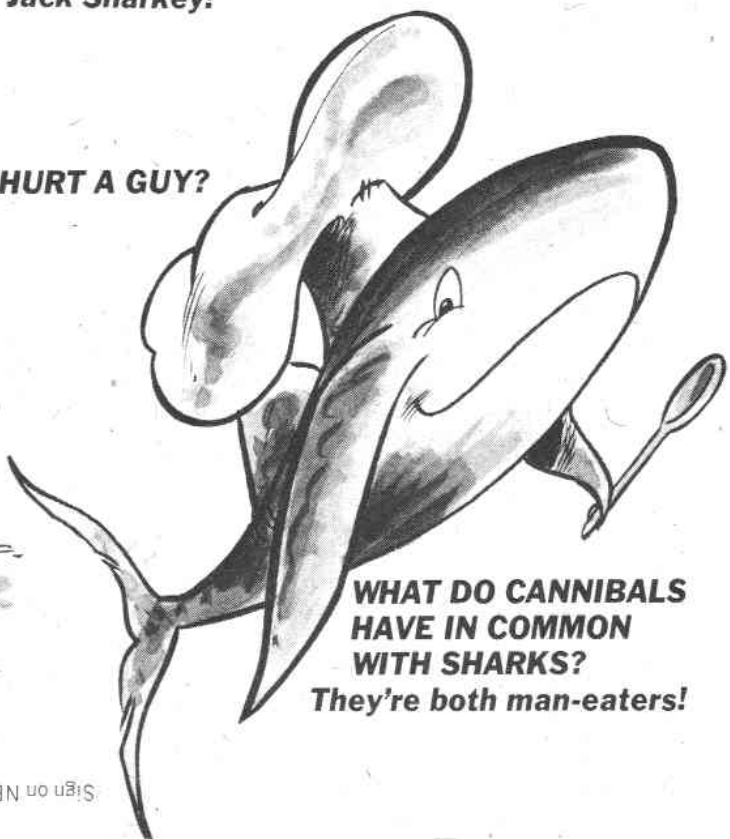
WHAT FIGHTER IS FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF ALL UNDERWATER DENIZENS?
Jack Sharkey!

"Zzzzzzzz . . ." RIP VAN WINKLE

WHO SAID SHARKS REALLY KNOW HOW TO HURT A GUY?
The one-legged water skier!



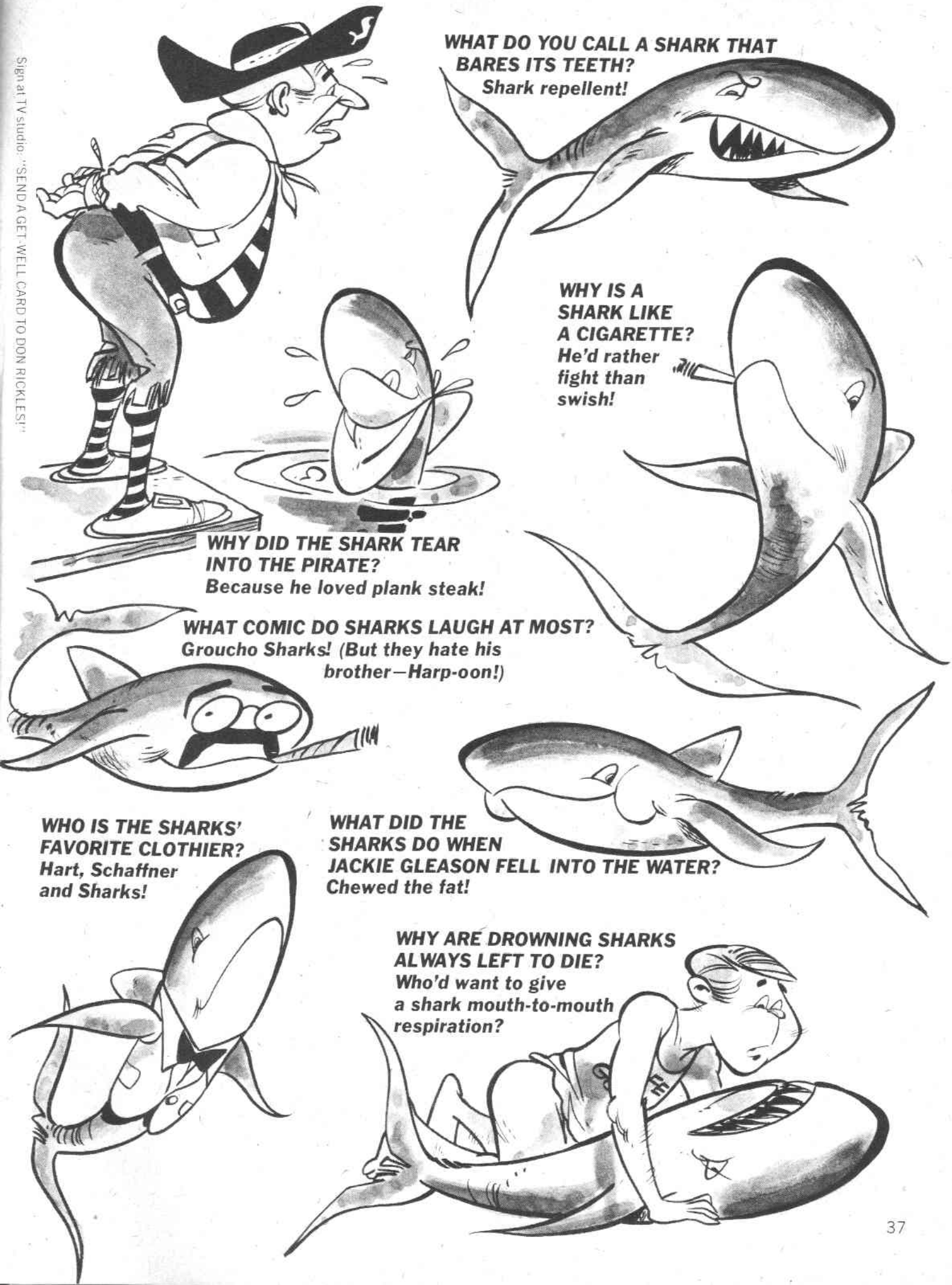
WHAT SHARKS CAN BE FOUND IN THE DESERT?
Sand Sharks!

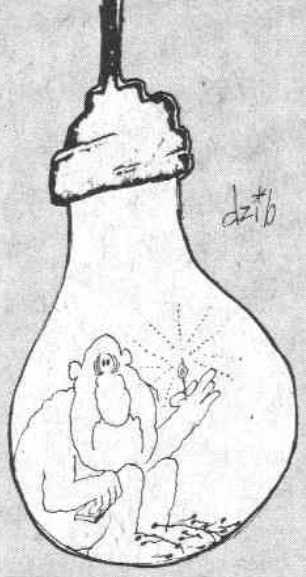


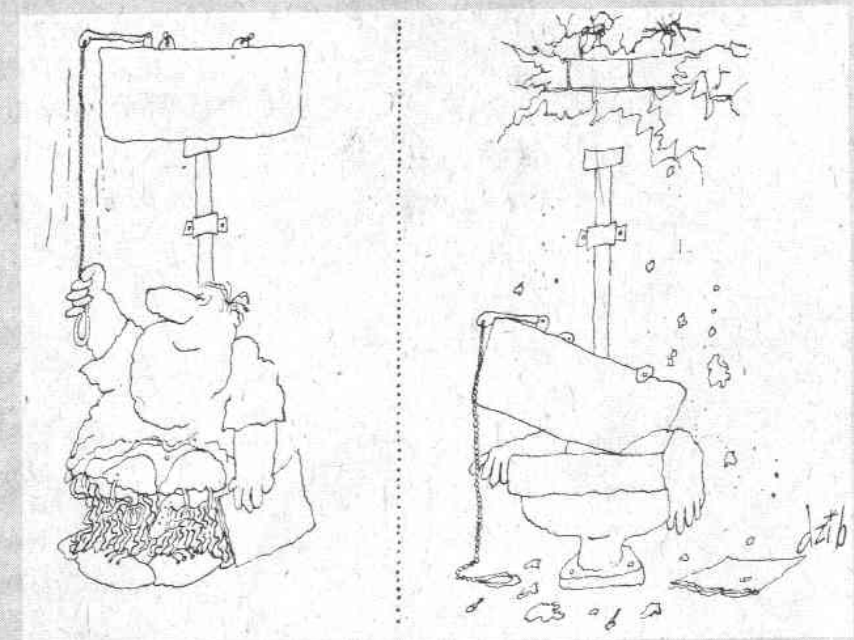
WHAT DO CANNIBALS HAVE IN COMMON WITH SHARKS?
They're both man-eaters!

Sign on NBC-TV wall: "THE TONIGHT SHOW'S OFF-COLOR TV!"

Sign at TV studio: "SEND A GET-WELL CARD TO DON RICKLES!"

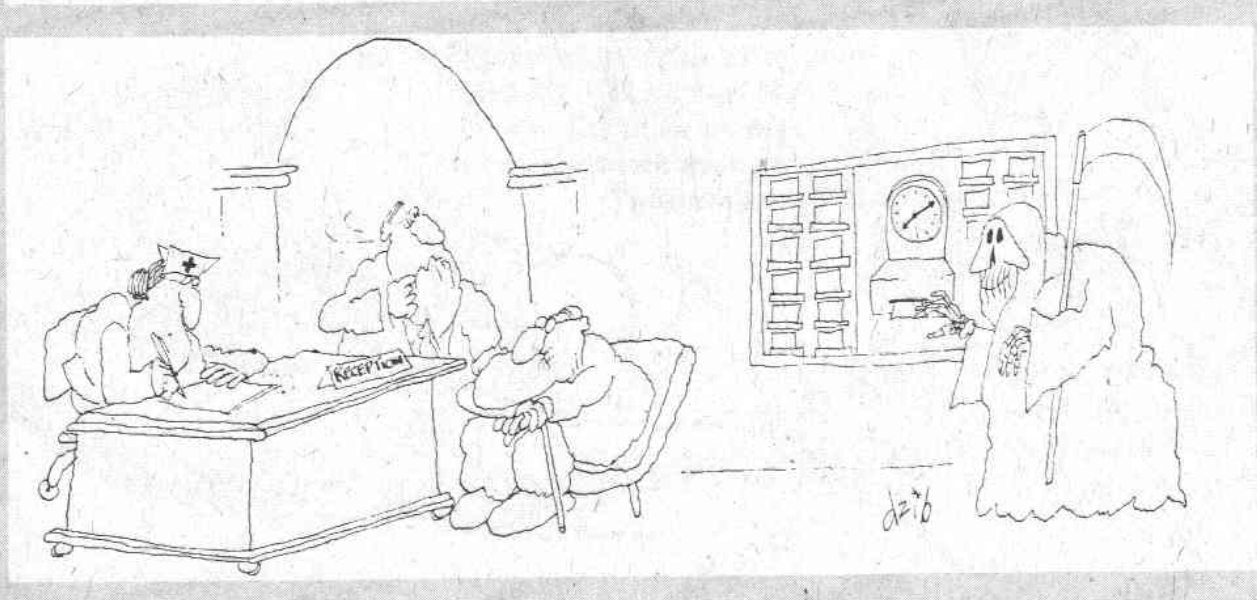


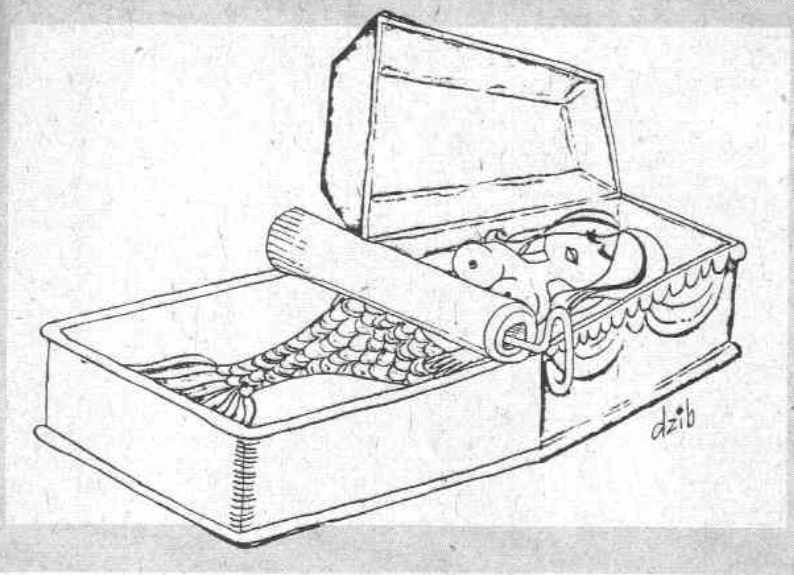




THE SICK WORLD OF CARLOS DZIB

MEXICO'S IN-FAMOUS BLACK HUMORIST

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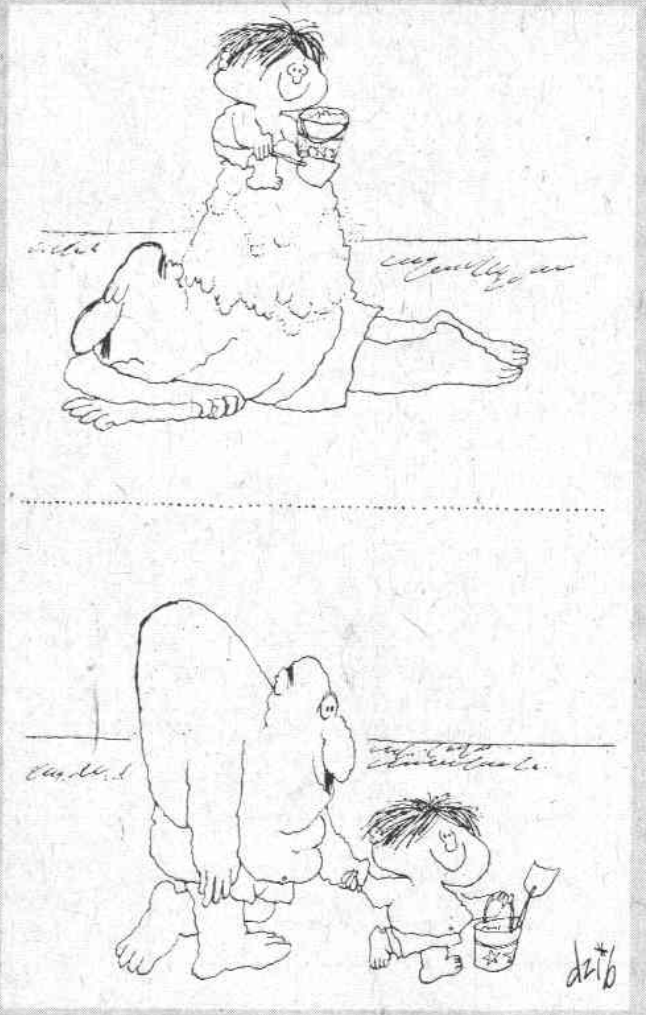
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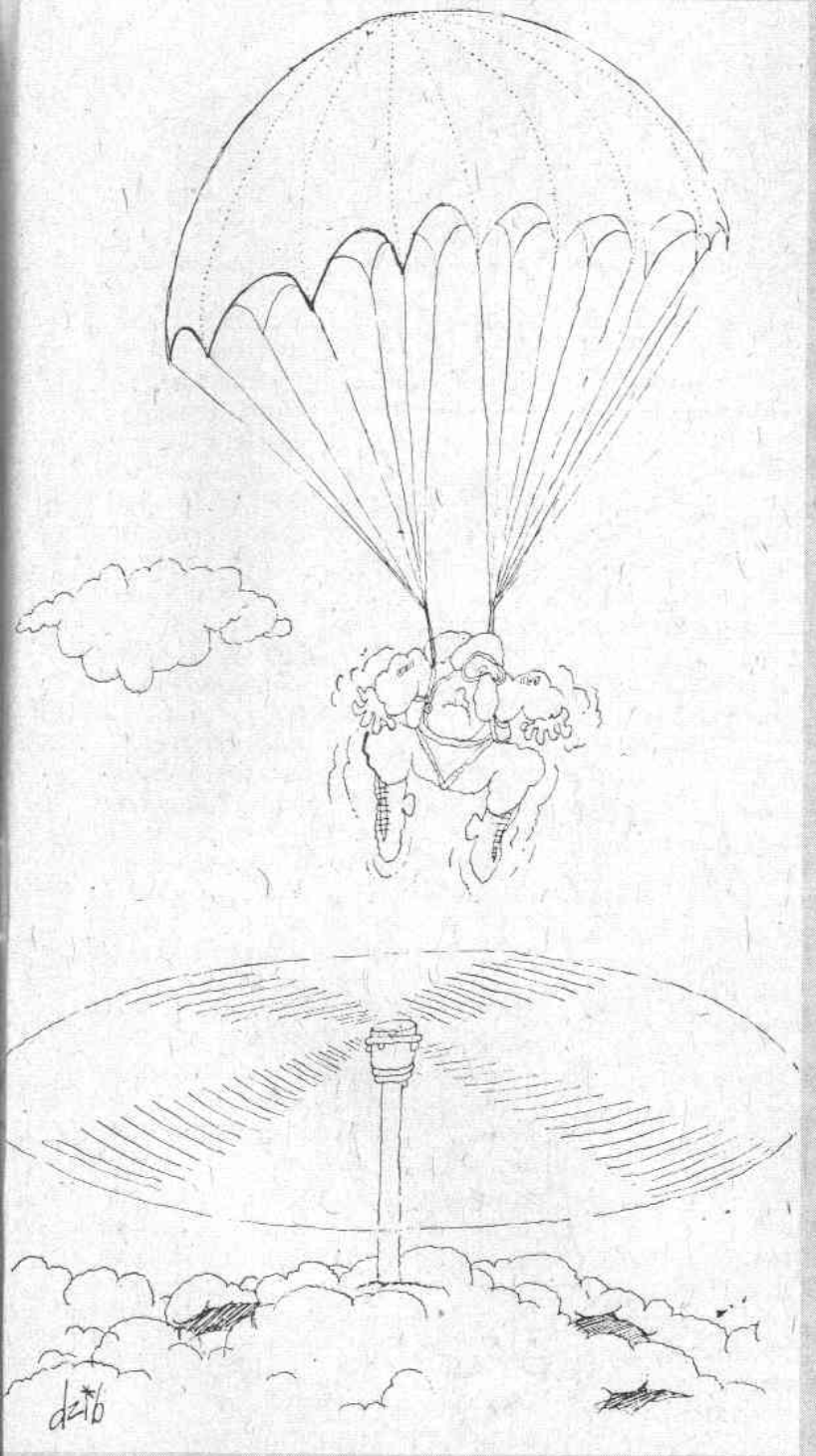
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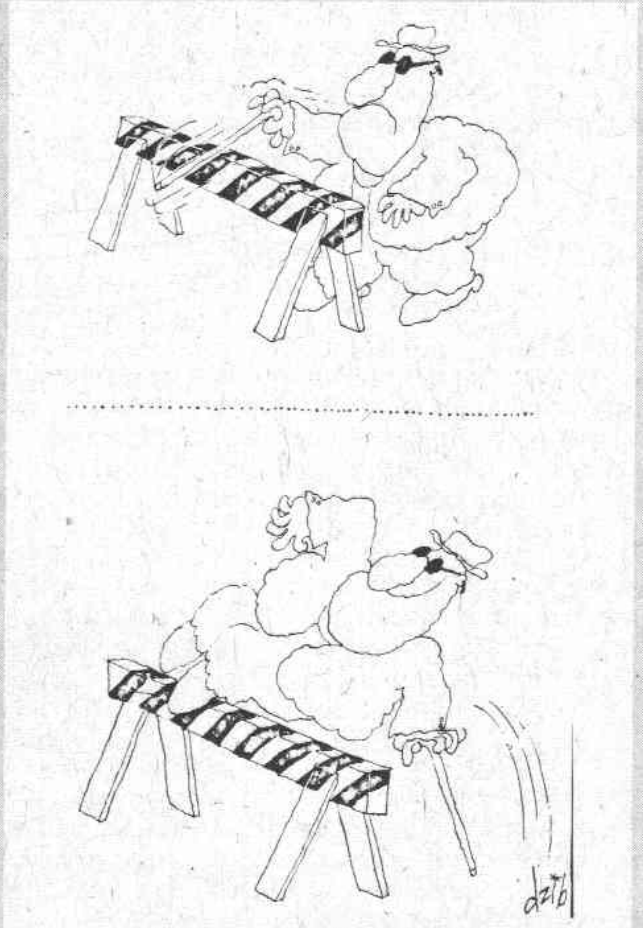
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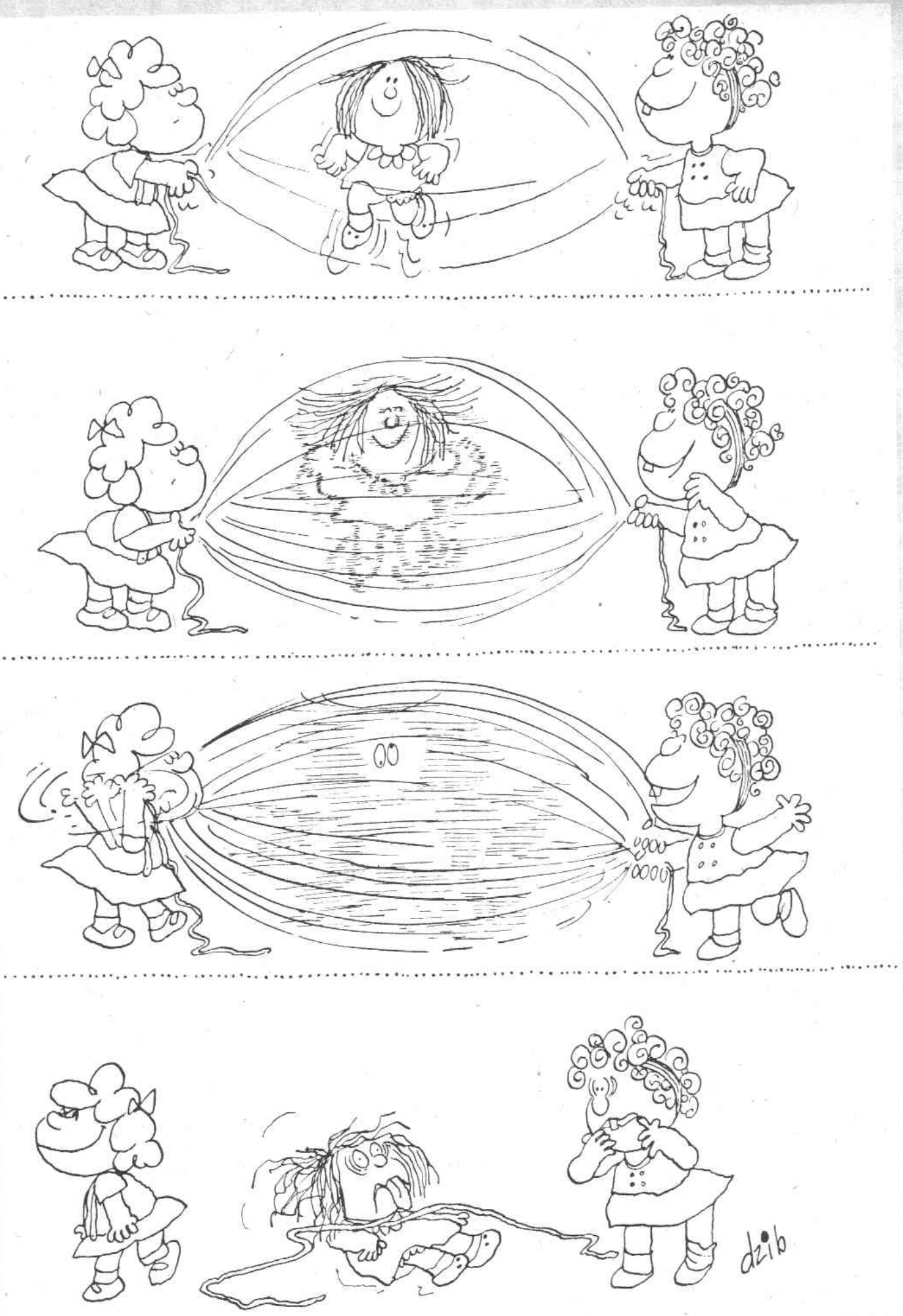
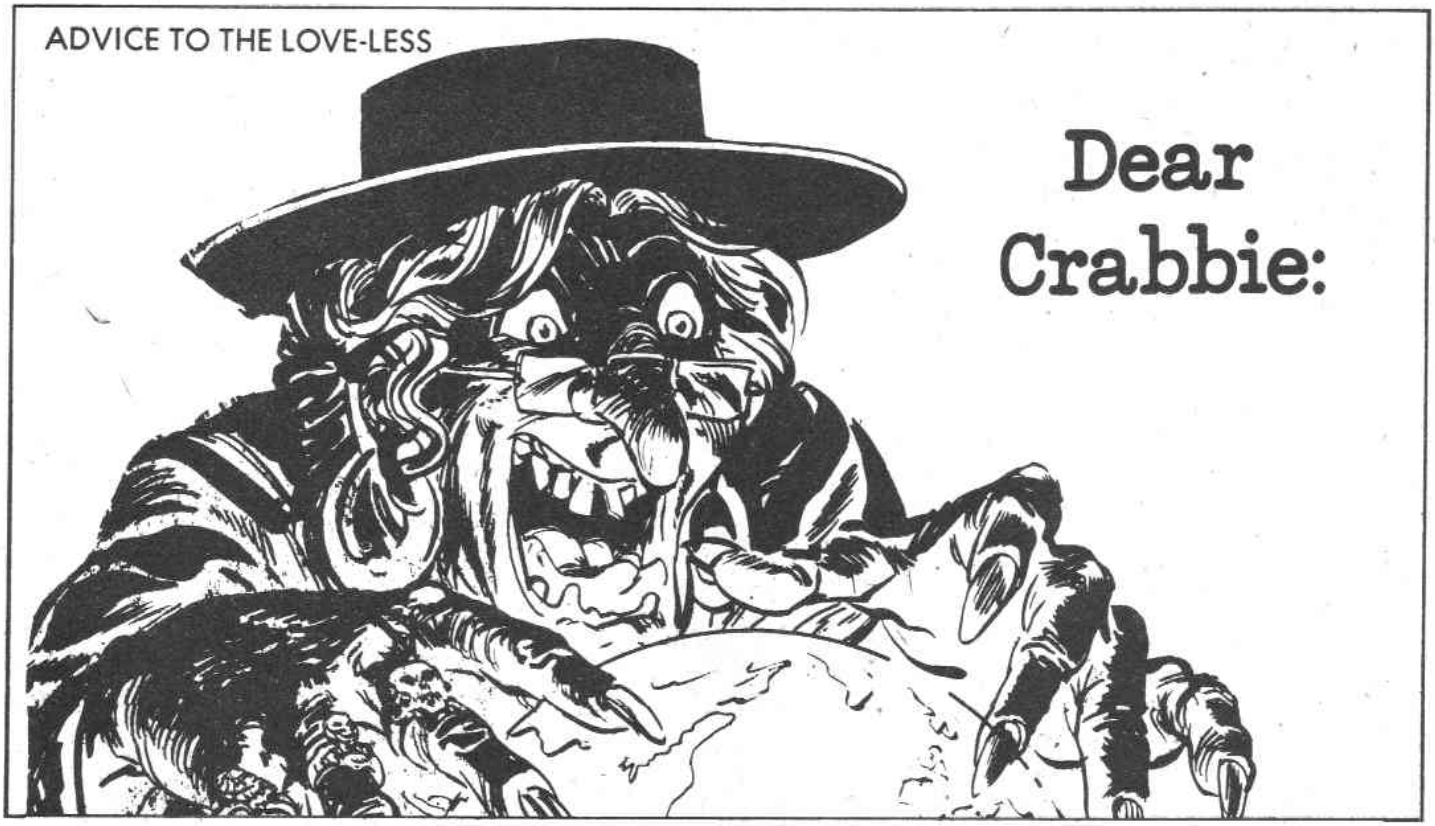


Sign on mail box: "POST NO BILLS"

ADVICE TO THE LOVE-LESS



Dear Crabbie:

DEAR CRABBIE: For my high school graduation, my parents gave me a new nose. I am going to college in the fall and will be meeting a lot of new kids. My mother told me that I shouldn't tell anybody that I had my nose done. However, if it comes up in conversation, I feel that I should freely admit it. Who is right?

—NOSE JOB

DEAR NOSE JOB: Mother usually nose **best!**

●●●

DEAR CRABBIE: Wendy and I want to get married, but we have one small problem. Her father. He is the personnel manager of a large company. And to make sure I will be a good provider, he insists that I submit three letters of recommendation. What is your opinion?

—APPLICANT

DEAR APPLICANT: Never mind the written exam. In marriage, it's more important that you pass the physical!

●●●

DEAR CRABBIE: I recently went out with a Navy officer I thought was a perfect gentleman. But when he got through with me, I felt as if I'd been dragged through a threshing machine. How could I have been so fooled?

—DISILLUSIONED

DEAR DISILLUSIONED: Lots of girls have been fooled by a dreamboat who turned out to be a destroyer!

●●●

DEAR CRABBIE: I am about to have a baby. My husband is very cheap and my fear is that he isn't going to take care of the hospital bills when my time comes. Is there something I can do?

—APOPLEXED

DEAR APOPLEXED: Move to the country and get Rural Free Delivery.

●●●

DEAR CRABBIE: My fiance is a bank president who happens to be very conservative. I like to wear revealing dresses cut low in front. Lately however, I've been wondering whether I should switch to high-necked dresses because of him. What do you say?

—BIG HEARTED

DEAR BIG HEARTED: Don't switch. A banker should appreciate those low-cut dresses. They hold the principal and add to the interest.

●●●

DEAR CRABBIE: My wife and I moved to Chicago about three months ago. I stayed home from work yesterday for the first time, and I was surprised to learn that we have the same milkman we had in Detroit. Would you say this is more than mere coincidence?

—SUSPICIOUS HUBBY

DEAR SUSPICIOUS HUBBY: Don't jump to any conclusions. Maybe the milkman just hates to lose a satisfied customer!

●●●

DEAR CRABBIE: Can you please tell me how long boys should be kissed when saying goodnight?

—OVERANXIOUS

DEAR OVERANXIOUS: The same as short boys!

●●●

DEAR CRABBIE: I read where an overweight woman was so desperate to reduce that she had a dentist cement her teeth together to keep her from eating. She's living on liquids until she loses all the pounds she wants; then the dentist will remove the cement from her teeth. My question is, can you find out the name of the dentist? I'd like him to do the same thing for my wife. Only her problem isn't eating—it's talking!

—FED UP

DEAR FED UP: I'll see what I can do. It's always nice to cement relations.

CHOW MEIN IS CHICKEN!

Sign in Kilroy's bedroom: "KILROY WAS NEVER HERE!"

FAN MAIL TO

as collected by
Michael Pellowski

TO LASSIE:

Dear Lass:

My name is Spike and I've been a dirty, no-good mutt all my life. I was never even house-broken. My bite is worse than my bark. I guess it's in my blood—my father was a rabid Chihuahua and my mother a crooked police dog. I am presently an A.S.P.C.A. convict who passes the time watching your show and chewing on a rubber bone. Seeing you on TV has taught me that life is more than a flea collar and a soup bone. If I ever get outta' this cage I'm gonna' avoid fire hydrants, keep off the grass, and try to curb my animal behavior. Thanks for just listening and not treating me like a dog.

Yours,

SPIKE
A.S.P.C.A.—N.Y.C.
License #10032

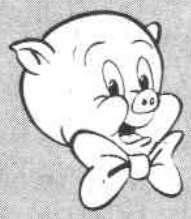
TO ARNOLD THE PIG:

Dear Arnold:

You swine! You'd better remember me because the fat is really in the fire! I'm not the kind of sow and sow you can take out to the trough once and then drop—especially since you hogged all the corn mash that night! You drunken pig! I'm even taking up karate so I can give you a couple of pork chops! You yellow sow belly! I'm not curling up my tail for you anymore . . . I'm saving all my "oinks" for Porky! Goodby you crumby ham!

Your old gal sow,

Petunia
Hogs Holler Road
Pigsburg,
Pennsylvania



TO BLACK BEAUTY:

Dear Black Beauty:

Right on, sexy momma! Black is beautiful! I'm a stud named Lightning who'll keep nagging you until you put the feed bag on with me. My heart is racing because of you! I'm hot to trot! I know I sound like a wild mustang... but I haven't been nibbling on loco weed. I know it's not a one horse race, but I love you! I won't make tracks if we ride in tandem. I'm not just horsing around. I want to ride off into the sunset with you. Honestly, I really dig you—no horse feathers!

Lovingly,
Lightning
Old Post Glue Factory
Filly-delphia, Penn.

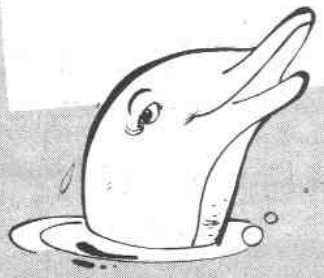
TO FLIPPER:

Dear Flip:

You've got my girlfish Goldie blowing bubbles in her fishbowl! She thinks you are a whale of an actor. I think you are an overgrown sardine. Goldie and I were all prepared to move to the hatchery. Now, her brain is in a whirlpool because she thinks you whistled at her right through the picture tube. I'm gonna make filet outta you because I know you did it on porpoise.

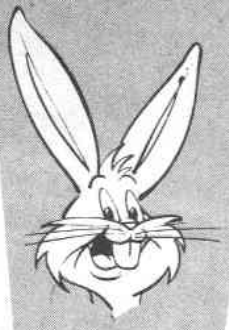
Be seeing you,

Mack the
Swordfish
FINLAND



Sign on fire hydrant: "PARK NOW, PAY LATER!"

TO BUGS BUNNY:



Dear Bugs:

My name is Pete "Cotton" Tales. I am presently on Death Row because I failed my rabbit test. I'd hopped from town to town all my life looking for quick cabbage and easy lettuce. I even bought my wife her 14-carrot ring with stolen green from Mr. MacGregor's garden. She now has to work as a Bunny at a nightclub to support our 112 kids. Maybe you saw her in the July issue of *Organic Gardens*—she was the centerfold. She's got a swell cotton tail—and what a pair of ears! Maybe you could look her up after I kick off. I've been your biggest fan all my life, and it would be a great comfort to me . . . A wise guy doctor just winked at me and quipped, "Hare today, gone tomorrow." I'm afraid "What's up, doc?" is my number! See you in that great big carrot patch in the sky . . .

Best,

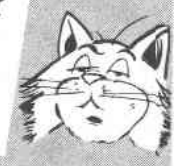
Pete "Cotton" Tales
Death Row Cage 13
Pregnancy Test Clinic
North Carrot-lina

TO MORRIS THE CAT:

Dear Morris:

My name is Kitty Litter and I am the executive editor of a feline publication named "Pussy Cat Magazine." Would you consider taking off your fur for our curious feline fans? We would, however, like you to pose wearing a pair of cowboy boots (sort of a Puss in Boots Layout) with the caption reading, "How Fur Can You Go?" Our publication has been reviewed and approved by the Holy Cats Society. We even pay off our models using Holy Mackerels. How about it?

Best Regards,
Kitty Litter
Editor—Pussy Cat Magazine
Catskill, New York



ANIMAL MOVIE STARS

TO KING KONG:

Dear King:

You big ape, you. Don't you think it's about time you came off your pedestal—the Empire State Building—and stopped monkeying around? And that girl with you, Fay Wray. Just because you've got her in the palm of your hand is no reason to forget all about me. No more monkeyshines. From now on, KK, when it comes to raisin' the roof, and going bananas, you'll do it with your one and only buddy!

Magilla Gorilla
New York City
(The Asphalt Jungle)

TO MICKEY MOUSE:

Dear Mickey:

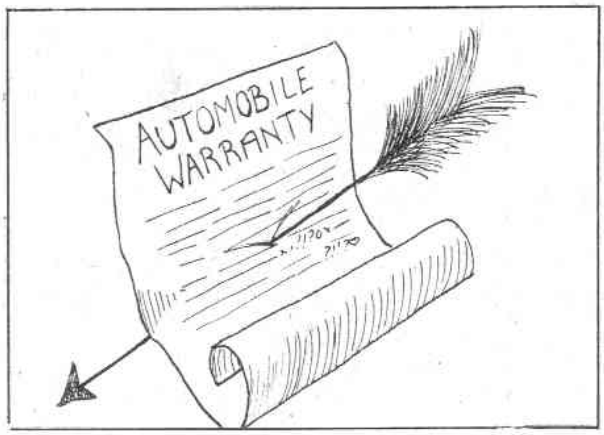
So you got yourself a swell little mansion in Orlando (Disneyworld) and another estate in Anaheim (Disneyland), but we can remember when you lived in a hole in the wall, when you walked around quiet as a mouse. And why not? You weren't a big movie star then. You were a rat fink informer, telling the cops about the big cheeses in crime. Not that we resent your making it big in this miserable rat race. Good luck, Michael, and regards to Minnie, from friends who knew you when . . .

Athos, Pathos
and
Annette
Funicello
The Three
Mousekeeters
Kansas City,
Mouseouri

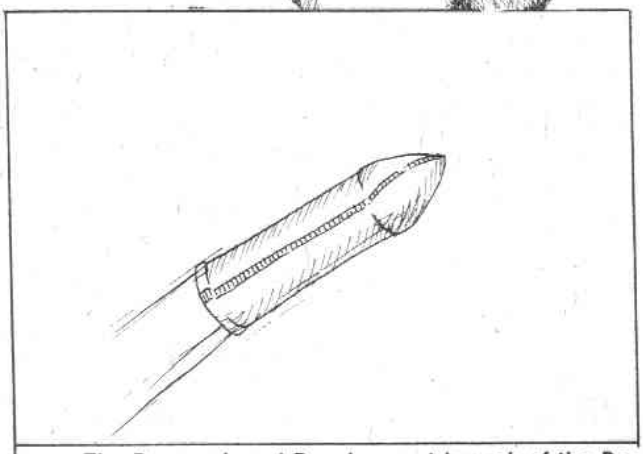
Sign at Weight Watchers' Meeting: "EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY, FOR TOMORROW YOU MAY DIET!"

Sick's DUBIOUS ACHIEVE

Hollywood starlet Myra Whataridge deducted 109 bras from her income tax. (She listed them under "Upkeep!")



Detroit tells us that in order to make a safer automobile, every new car owner will get two shafts. (One in the car—and one in the warranty!)



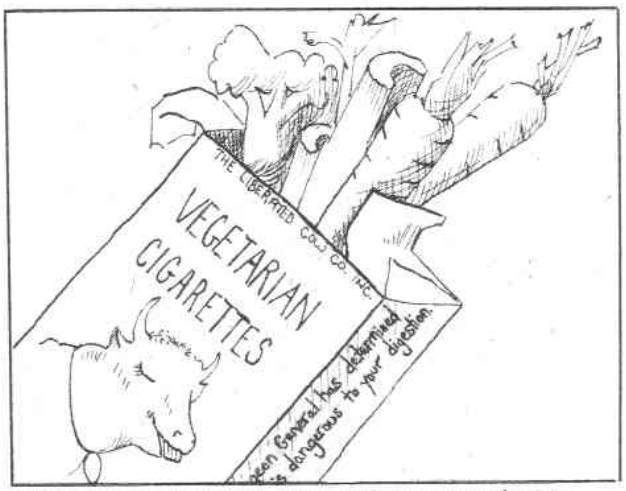
The Research and Development branch of the Defense Department have just come up with a nylon bullet. (Imagine—a .38—with a run in it!)

Word is out in film-town that the "Gay" set is making its first Western movie. (The hero, an interior decorator, has six notches on his purse!)

MENT AWARDS FOR 1974

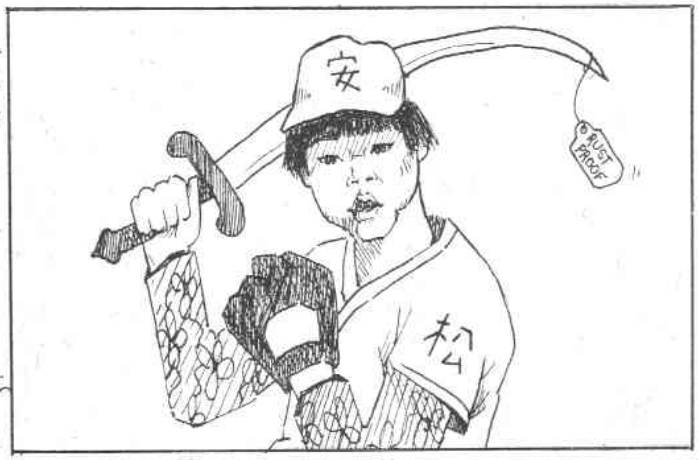
Script by Fred Wolfe
Art by Simie Maryles

Evangelist Billy Grahamcracker held the first all day "Pray-In." (Got 88 new converts—but had to have his knees half-soled!)



Laboratory technicians are working on a project to make a synthetic tobacco from vegetables. (Hey, Mac. Gimme a pack of asparagus—plain tip!)

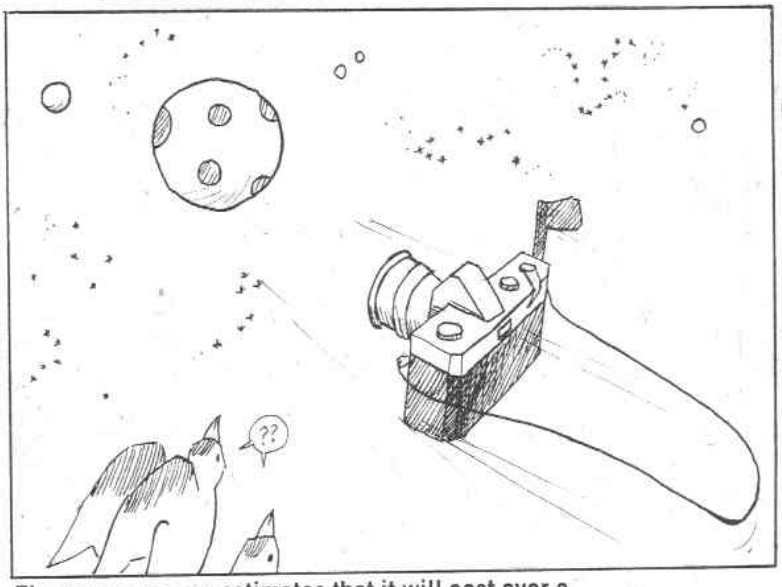
Jet-setter Sabrina Van Klutz has started a new fad, by dying her hair to match each new outfit. (She now has plaid dandruff!)



Baseball manager "Knuckles" Yamamoto says Japanese teams are developing great players. (When a pitcher goes to the showers, he's forced to take his sword with him!)

Womens' Libber Betty Freedarn complained that male chauvinism is found in the mortician's profession. (Right on, sister—all they want is your body!)

"You gotta give the devil his due!" —**MRS. LUCIFER**



The space agency estimates that it will cost over a quarter of a billion dollars to send a camera to Mars. (How is it going—by cab?)

Dear Reader:

We haven't seen Mel Brooks' film, YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN. We missed the screening, and we're too cheap to pay to see it. So we figured out that a nut like Mel Brooks would do crazy things with the Frankenstein story (maybe even mix it up a little with the King Kong Story!) in his modernized version of the old classic.

MEL BROOKS' VERSION OF
YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN---UNSEEN!

(from the studio that gave you HEART FAILURE)

"Frankie! Frankie!"

Is it Frank Sinatra performing at New York City's Paramount Theater in the Thirties? Bobbysoxers going wild as he performs?

Right?

Wrong!

The Frankie in question is none other than Frankenstein. Young Frankenstein, to be precise.

Sign on Sunset Strip: "RAISE THE STANDARDS OF IMMORALITY!"

MADAME BUTTERFLY WAS ONCE A CATERPILLAR!

Sign on office wall: "WE'RE FOR PROGRESS—IT'S CHANGE THAT BUGS US!"

WHAT IS SO REMARKABLE, AS THE NEXT PANEL SHOWS, IS THAT FRANKIE HAS GONE BACK TO THE SCENE OF THE ORIGINAL CRIME TO MALPRACTICE--THE LABORATORY WHERE THE EXPERIMENTS WENT ON THAT PRODUCED HIS DAD...

SICK as it seems by LANGTON

Martin UMGLICK

...A HENPECKED JERSEY CITY HUSBAND, GOT TWO LIVE MINKS FOR HIS WIFE!

(To this day, he insists it was the best trade he ever made!

"Remember me? I used to be one of the Supremes!"
—ABE FORTAS

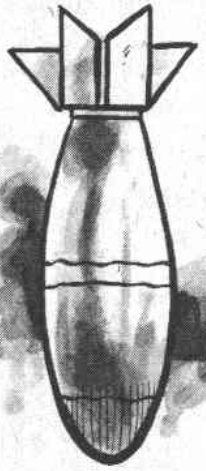
The television manufacturers of the U.S. are working on a new T.V. set with a 937,800 inch screen!
IT WILL BE USED FOR TV DRIVE-INS.

Norm MITTE

...OF NANTUCKET

FILLED OUT HIS ENTIRE INCOME TAX FORM WITHOUT CHEATING ONCE!

He did, however, fail to send it in!



RUSSIA, NOW THE WORLD'S LEADER IN GERM WARFARE, HAS A BOMB SO POWERFUL THAT, IF EVER DROPPED, WITHIN 12 HOURS IT WOULD KILL EVERY GERM IN THE WORLD!

Reliable sources report that it was Jackie Onassis who made Aristotle a millionaire!
(BEFORE SHE MARRIED HIM HE WAS A BILLIONAIRE!)

BONUS CUTOUTS: SICK GIFT CERTIFICATES

★ SPECIAL ★
GIFT CERTIFICATE
FOR
12 FREE RABIES SHOTS

TO BE GIVEN TO:

_____
(NAME)

AN OPPORTUNITY YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO PASS UP EVEN IF YOU WEREN'T BITTEN BY A RABID ANIMAL

* GIFT CERTIFICATE *
TO BE EXCHANGED FOR
ONE FREE CAN OF
RADIOACTIVE
MATERIALS

NAME _____

★ DO NOT OPEN UNTIL JUDGEMENT DAY ★

GIFT CERTIFICATE
GOOD FOR A
ONE-DAY TRIP IN THE
OKEFENOKEE SWAMP
GEORGIA (one-way only)
ON THE BACK OF AN ALLIGATOR

ISSUED TO _____

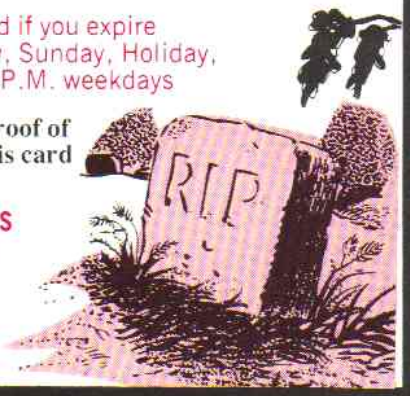
OFFER NEVER EXPIRES
(only our customers)

GIFT CERTIFICATE
GOOD FOR
ONE FREE BURIAL
IN THE CEMETERY OF YOUR CHOICE

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
NEXT OF KIN _____

Not valid if you expire
on a Saturday, Sunday, Holiday,
or after 6 P.M. weekdays

Must show proof of
death with this card



OFFER EXPIRES
JAN. 1, 1980

(unless you
expire before)

• MORE INSIDE FRONT COVER •

BONUS CUTOUTS:

SICK GIFT CERTIFICATES

GIFT CERTIFICATE

issued to _____
(name)

EXCHANGEABLE FOR

ONE COMPLETE FACE LIFT

(OR BODY LOWERING)

(Present this card in person in
Central Park any evening after 11 P.M.)

open for business on all national holidays, including Muggers Day

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★ GIFT CERTIFICATE ★

FOR A ONE-WEEK VACATION FOR TWO AT

MT. VESUVIUS

DURING THE ERUPTION SEASON

_____
(NAME)

SPONSORED BY

THE MAFIA

NAPLES, ITALY

"IN GODFATHER WE TRUST."

GIFT CERTIFICATE

GOOD FOR ONE FREE PASSAGE ON THE

S.S. POSEIDON

★ ISSUED TO ★

_____
(NAME)

DOWN-THE-HATCH TOURS

WATTA, MASS.

• MORE INSIDE THE COVERS •